

Aggressive Army Element Dominates Japan

Young Refugees Cared By City Aid Committee

Public Responds to Appeal for Support of Children

CAMERON CHAIRMAN

"The plan to bring children to Canada was well received, and the generous response was deeply appreciated in Britain," stated D. E. Cameron, Librarian of the University and Chairman of the Edmonton Committee for Refugee Children, in an interview with The Gateway.

"The enrolment of children for transfer is exceedingly high. However, no information is available as to the numbers and date of movement," he added.

Mr. Cameron explained that the plan was put under way in midsummer and that 230 children were expected in Alberta by the end of July. In expectation, the vacant Camrose Normal School was obtained as a centre. However, the movement was suspended, but since then children have begun to arrive. He estimated that over 1,500 refugees from the bomb riddled areas of Britain had since arrived under the British Government scheme, and probably an equally large number under private auspices.

The Province of Alberta has placed some 120 of them. This does not include those coming under private arrangements. All these children arrive here following very short notice.

Some go to designated homes, while others are placed by the Province in homes that have signified their wish to accommodate refugees. Regulations at present stipulate that a home and support must be guaranteed before the children may leave Britain.

"No arrangement has been sanctioned by which money can be sent for support in Canada," Mr. Cameron emphasized, "other than a sum which the children may take with them." This point has long been a difficulty with well meaning relatives or friends, who are under the impression that parents in Britain may provide for their children during their stay in Canada.

Since the Camrose Normal School has been taken over by the militia as a training centre, the Provincial Government have offered the use of the vacant Government House as a distributing centre.

The Provincial Board, which has been entrusted by the province with the duty of caring for British children who come, have arrangements in hand for, if and when arrivals are announced, Mr. Cameron stated.

"The public has shown great interest," he said, "and responded warmly to the idea. Ladies' committees have been at work and supplies are available of surplus clothing and food. All effort is voluntary, and no public subscription has been solicited."

The Provincial Board for the Care of Refugee Children is under the chairmanship of Rev. Dr. G. A. MacDonald of Knox Church. All work is done with the help of and through the Provincial Child Welfare Bureau.

Greene to Speak Philosophers Meet

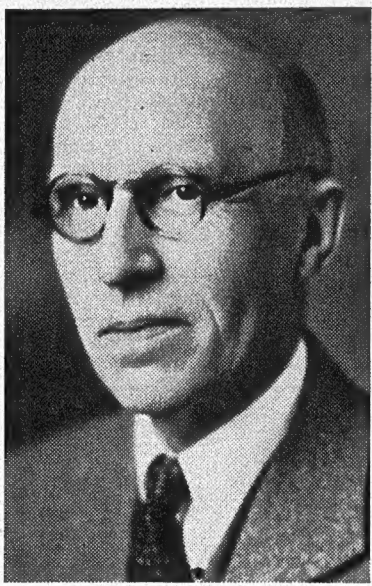
Society Plans Interesting Series

When the German blitzkrieg stabbed at Paris, Professor E. J. H. Greene was among the refugees that fled the French capital. He saw the French Republic turned into an impotent Fascist state under German control. Speaking from his personal experiences, Prof. Greene will address the Philosophical Society at its first meeting in mid-October on the subject, "The Collapse of Democracy in France."

The Philosophical Society hopes to have a good year. Among its speakers will be Dr. L. H. Nichols talking on the subject, "The Physical Basis of Music," Dean Newton on "The National Research Council: a Public Institution," and Dr. Heber C. Jamieson on "Medical Education in the 14th Century." The society is one of the oldest organizations on the campus. Each season it presents an interesting program of talks by men, all experts in their own fields. Students and faculty alike attend its meetings.

Prof. Dennis Healy, treasurer of the Society, has enlisted for active service with the Royal Canadian Air Force. This leaves the position of treasurer vacant. It is expected that Prof. Harold Johns of the Physics Department will take over Prof. Healy's post. Other members of the executive include Dr. Cantor, president, Dr. Thornton, vice-president, and Mr. Salter, secretary.

PRESIDENT



MESSAGE

For more than a year now Canada and her sister communities of the British Commonwealth have been at war with Germany. Meantime the western continental democracies of Europe have fallen before the Reich's attacks of deceit, treachery, and violence. The nations still resting in whole or in part, such as Norway, Holland and France, have been compelled to set up governmental headquarters in Britain and from that heroic island base have struggled to carry on the war as best they may against a foe at once ruthless, mendacious and cruel.

Whatever the profound motivations of the world war of 1914-18 there can be no question of the purposes of Germany's ferocious onslaught on her neighbours. It is abundantly clear that her purpose is to destroy political and social freedom first in Europe with such assistance as machiavellian Italy deems it safe to give, then in Asia with the dubious help of Japan and finally in North America, if our continent, entrenched behind the great ditch of the Atlantic, can be reached.

No such prodigious conspiracy against man's slowly accumulating civilization and painfully won freedom has ever been hatched. The principalities and powers of evil have thrown off their hideous mask and announced their intention of destroying us, our easy political yoke, our humane religion, our ancient freedom broadening down from precedent to precedent. If we are not to be destroyed by Germany, we must in our turn ourselves destroy her—Germania delenda est.

While doing our utmost to prosecute this fight in defence of humanity and its treasured gains over the centuries, higher education must press on. The presence of well over two thousand students who crowd our halls means that Alberta and Canada are meanwhile preparing for the new post-war world where intellectual and moral eminence, truth and justice will again prevail.

May I welcome the sons and daughters of this province of Alberta to the session of 1940-41. You have each a rôle assigned to you on the great stage of this tremendous era. Your friends and teachers all believe in you and the youth you represent. "Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

W. A. R. KERR.

Varsity Players Winter Feature

Pritchard in Charge of Programs

CKUA, the only radio station operated by a Canadian University, has resumed broadcasting. Operating on a frequency of 580 kilocycles, the station may be heard each week-day from 12:15 p.m. to 3 p.m. and from 5:30 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. The station will carry CBC programs, Alberta Educational Network programs, and programs originating in the station's own studio. Students will participate in the latter with plays, quizzes and variety shows. Efforts are being made to secure some southern Alberta outlet for these programs. Anyone wishing to take part should get in touch with Mr. Richard MacDonald, the studio announcer, or with Fred Pritchard. Talent is needed.

The CKUA Players will be back again every Wednesday night in a half-hour play. The student news-cast will be given every Tuesday at 1:15 p.m.

In previous years the station carried languages courses in French and German. Due to the war, the German course was naturally discontinued. However, the lessons in French were continued last season. If students show sufficient interest these lessons will be continued this term.

The very popular Symphony Hour will be heard every evening from 7 o'clock to 8. There are hopes that the station may be able to release the Saturday afternoon broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

NEILSON EXTENDS WELCOME!

To the Freshman Class of 1940 I extend a warm and hearty welcome on behalf of the Students' Union. I trust that your stay at the University of Alberta will be both pleasant and profitable, and particularly that your Freshman year will be an enjoyable one in every respect. I trust also that you will come to take an active interest in the affairs of the Union, which is your governing body. I can assure you that whatever realm of student activity you partake in, it will prove beneficial to the Union and also, in an even greater degree, to yourself.

I regret that for the first time in almost a generation you are entering a University of Alberta functioning under full time war conditions. In such an atmosphere our activities must be somewhat restricted, but this is indeed insignificant in comparison with the great sacrifices the English people are undergoing at the present moment. It is my sincere hope that in the none too distant future you will once again be able to embark on a full program of extra-curricular activity.

In the meantime, however, we must carry on as best we can, and with the continued co-operation and support of the faculty, the senior students and you, the Freshmen, I am looking forward to a year perhaps difficult in its course, but vastly constructive and beneficial in its results.

J. W. NEILSON,
Pres., Students' Union.

Dr. Rowan Renews Crow Experiment

Alcoholic Eggs Used to Lure Birds

By Bill Hewson

For Dr. Rowan the crows of Tofield district have not proved obliging, nor have they showed the least interest in his work. Dr. Rowan recently received a \$1,500 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation to enable him to continue his experiments on relationship between the hormones of internal secretions and the crow's behavior. Obviously crows are essential. After spending eight weeks of hard labor in their pursuit, Dr. Rowan has returned to the University with only half the 500 birds he hoped to catch.

This bad luck, according to the professor, is mainly due to the abnormal supply of food hereabouts. With abundant berries, grasshoppers and cutworms, friend crow is too well satisfied to risk any one of the numerous clever devices built for his capture. Otherwise Dr. Rowan believes that he would have had little difficulty in catching his quota. He pointed out that with crows, as with humans, there is always a certain percentage of individuals with a low I.Q., and ordinarily these crows would be caught.

Even under normal conditions trapping crows is not easy, and requires a good deal of ingenuity and forethought. The area in which the traps are placed must be on a crow flyline, and when ideally situated should be well removed from farms and animal pests such as skunks and coyotes. The ground is baited before the trap is constructed to acquaint the crows with this free food supply. After a day or two, the trap is set.

Even alcoholic eggs are used to outwit the wily crow. After a drunken orgy, Crovus brachyrhynchos comes in one of Dr. Rowan's cages, his home for many months to come. Other traps take the form of wire netting cages, to which the crows have easy access. Baiting is rather an unpleasant task, as the meats and eggs used are in an advanced state of putrefaction. When a suitable number are feeding a release is tripped.

His original plan of baited gopher traps on fenceposts has one essential drawback—a flock will not frequent a fence where one of their members has been caught. Once bit, twice shy, so to speak. At Jasper, where crows are tamer, Dr. Rowan found that the bears were more partial to the bait than crows.

It will be remembered that in 1931 Dr. Rowan was able to make crows fly north by increasing their hours of activity. They were difficult to trace as they flew northward into an unsettled area. Dr. Rowan plans to release his crows from now on at Wainwright. From here the crows will fly through a well-populated area. All crows are to be banded, and worth-while prizes will be offered as an inducement to their capture.

When the birds are returned to Dr. Rowan he will make a detailed microscopic examination of their ductless glands, and correlate his findings with the birds' behavior. In short, ascertain what makes the crows tick.

IN THE ARMY NOW



Freshmen are shown registering for military training under the watchful eye of Officer Phil Scott. Such registration is compulsory for all male students.

Nine Hundred Male Students Train Under Government Act

C.O.T.C. Members to be Selected From Auxiliary Ranks

WARREN COMMANDER

Male students at the University of Alberta will do their military training in the forthcoming year as members of either of two units to be formed, Lt.-Col. P. S. Warren, officer commanding, announced at opening of registration.

All students will join up as privates in the unit to be known as the University Auxiliary Battalion. They will receive 110 hours of training during the winter months. From this battalion will be chosen a limited number of those considered to have the necessary qualifications for officers.

Former members of C.O.T.C. will have first privileges to rejoin their old unit, but all former members will not necessarily be chosen. Graduates will be next in preference.

Training in C.O.T.C. will be much more intensive than that in the larger battalion, as it will require six hours weekly training. It is planned to hold a camp for two weeks in the spring for all C.O.T.C. men and probably for most of the auxiliary battalion. Members of C.O.T.C. last year attended a very successful camp immediately following Convocation.

Lt.-Col. Warren wishes to advise students that any who receive a notice of call for compulsory training at military centres may get their training postponed until the end of the University year, on condition that their training here and in camp is satisfactory to the authorities, who will then accept it in lieu of a period at a military centre.

Bona fide students only will be accepted in the auxiliary battalion. Special students will have to make provision for their training elsewhere. Everyone must present a certificate of physical fitness. Freshmen will be accepted on strength of their compulsory physical examination. Former C.O.T.C. men who have been examined and found fit will not require a new certificate. Provision is being made for those who may require a new test.

First parade was held Friday, September 27. For the first month, Wednesday and Friday at 4 p.m. Thereafter the auxiliary battalion will parade twice weekly.

University Battalion will be composed of nine companies of four platoons each. Officers will be provided by the Regimental School and C.O.T.C.

A Regimental School for instructors has been running for the past six weeks. A second school was begun Thursday, September 6. Members have been issued uniforms. They will handle the platoons during parade.

Officer in charge of training of C.O.T.C. is Lt.-Col. E. H. Strickland, formerly Professor of Entomology at the University, and for many years connected with the C.O.T.C. Full time adjutant is Lt. C. R. Tracy, formerly of the English department. Sgt. Croft has been placed in charge of the Orderly Room. Yet to be appointed are two clerks and a full time Quartermaster-Sergeant.

Lt. W. R. Milroy, third year Commerce student, and secretary-elect of the Students' Union, has been permanently attached as officer in charge of training of the University Battalion.

Parades for the first month will be held on the quad in front of the residences. During winter months they will be held in Convocation Hall, and in the skating rink, which has been converted into a drill hall with the addition of a solid floor.

Students are advised to keep well posted on orders by following notices to be posted on the military bulletin boards in Arts and Medical buildings.

Nation Useless as Axis Ally Says Law Student on Return; Konoye Institutes New Order

Was Guest of Japanese After Winning Essay Contest

COUNTRY IMPOVERISHED

Uncritical Nipponese Have German Ideas but Lack Food

Japan does not constitute much of a threat as a potential ally of Germany, in the opinion of Morris Shumatcher, third year Law student, when he returned to the campus Monday from a two months' trip to Japan. He was one of the two Canadian university students chosen to be guests of the Japanese Government, as the result of winning an essay contest sponsored by the Japan Times. The title of the essay was "Why Canada and Japan should cultivate Friendship."

The war in China has produced much suffering and sacrifice in the country. Formerly gay and care-free, Japan is now almost impoverished. All food is rationed, and there is a shortage of rice, Mr. Shumatcher reported. Ersatz articles are being used, and good clothes are impossible to get.

The people on the whole are very hospitable and kind, said the essay winner. Culturally, they are very sympathetic to Britain, but politically they are pro-German. Speaking of the attitude of the students in Japan, Shumatcher said that they, and the people as a whole, are not as analytic and not as critical as Canadian university students. They have a great deal of respect for authority of any kind, and measures passed by the government are not questioned. The Emperor is the Father of the nation, and his word is sacrosanct.

The Japanese, like the Germans, believe that they have a mission to perform. Theirs is a superior race, and it is their sacred duty to guide the destinies of Asia. The conquest of Manchuria was the first step in this mission, and the Chinese war is the second. The organization in charge of disseminating Japanese culture is known as the International Cultural Society.

The present premier of Japan is Prince Konoye, a man with very definite policies which he means to carry out; one of them being a closer alignment with the Axis powers. It is his intention to institute a new order in the East, beginning with the economic and military treaty with the Fascists.

The army and navy are made up of two entirely different types of men, Mr. Shumatcher stated. The sailors have travelled all around the world, and as a result they are more broadminded, believing in a more gradual policy of Eastern control. The army, on the other hand, is modelled after the German. They have never been out of Japan, and are all for world-wide aggression. Unfortunately, stated Mr. Shumatcher, it is this element which is predominant in the country at the present.

During his tour he visited many temples and famous shrines, pleasure resorts and industrial centers. The latter are usually very modern cities, with subways and railways which rival those in the United States. One of the most interesting spots on the entire trip was the Students' International School, which is run by the Foreign Office of the government. This department, claimed Mr. Shumatcher, is composed of liberal men, who are in favor of fostering good relations with Great Britain.

Asked about the women of Japan, Mr. Shumatcher hesitated, then said, "They are very kind." Further questioning finally produced the information that there are four ways in which a man can get to know a woman in Japan. These four mediums are the cafes, dance-halls, Geisha halls and the houses of prostitution. In cafes, the government allows the patrons to neck with the girls, while in the dance halls all the girls are taxi-dancers, and acquaintanceships are struck up in this way. The Geisha halls are by far the most expensive, for the girls are entertainers trained in special schools, and are capable of carrying on excellent conversations. Prostitution is one of the biggest businesses in the country. It is controlled entirely by the government, and the houses are very elaborately tiled, with expensive paintings and carvings. All the girls speak nothing but Japanese, with the exception of two English phrases, which Mr. Shumatcher refused to divulge to the press.

DR. SHIPLEY

Students in chemistry will be pleased to note the return of Dr. J. W. Shipley, head of the Department of Chemistry, after an absence of almost a year. Dr. Shipley was suddenly stricken ill shortly after the Christmas holiday and has since then been recuperating. When interviewed by The Gateway he stated that he felt fully recovered, and was looking forward to resuming his lectures.

Wauneita Dance Is First Function Of Social Season

Will be Followed by Sophomore Splash

FORMALS ANNOUNCED

Social and literary functions, according to the Committee on Student Affairs, promise to receive as much prominence this forthcoming year as they have done in the past. With intervarsity activities and sport curtailed, due to the war, it is felt that the social life this year will more than ever necessitate the co-operation of all students. Each year unearths fresh schemes and new ideas to create original and soul-satisfying dances for the devotees of the terpsichorean art.

Donning their fine feathers and war-paint, the Minnehahas and Hiawathas will meet in tribal splendor at the annual "povy-wow" sponsored by the Wauneita Society on Friday, Oct. 18th, in Athabasca Hall. During the next few weeks we will see "braves" displaying their prowess to catch the attention of susceptible "squaws" for the purpose of receiving an invitation to the wigwam of the Wauneitas.

The first Saturday in November will see the "snooty Sophs" snoring shy freshmen and saucy freshettes into their sophisticated society at the Sophomore "Splash." This is the golden opportunity for all freshmen to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the verities heretofore shared only by those fortunate few—the Sophs. The Juniors, not to be outdone, will stage their spectacular Promenade on the first Friday in December. Following these functions, the Undergrad Dance, sponsored last year by the Law Club, will be given by a campus club as yet to be selected. The Senior Class has the option of sponsoring a formal dance in February.

In March the now timid and by then far from retiring freshmen will receive the Sophomores at their annual fiesta.

The Pembina Prance, occasion on which the women students in residence entertain their friends is scheduled for March.

In addition, there will be literary functions in connection with the Interyear Plays, the Operetta, and the Spring Play.

Needless to say, the informal House Dances held in the gymnasium each Saturday evening from 8 until 11:30 will not take second place. These gatherings afford the students an opportunity to make many friendly contacts.

Phone Directory in Late October

Copies of the student's directory will make their appearance on the campus late in October, it was announced by student officials early this week. Familiar to students last year, who popularly dubbed it "The Student's Bible," it will contain telephone numbers and addresses of all students registered for the winter sessions.

Operated by the Students' Union officials of the directory will be Max Stewart, director, and Bob Torrance, business manager. Stewart replaces Peter Leacock, who is not returning to Varsity this fall. Torrance is also advertising manager of the year book, Evergreen and Gold.

This publication is an added convenience to students, who will receive it free of charge. Late date of issue, officials explained, will permit late registrants to have their names entered. Any students who at time of registration did not have a telephone number since then obtained, or who may have changed address, are kindly requested to advise the Registrar, otherwise the original information will be listed.

"Reds, Leopold Surrender Responsible French Collapse," Says Greene Back From Paris

Germans Bomb Tours Railway Station as Young Professor Watches From Distance

REYNAUD BLACK SHEEP

King Zog of Albania Aboard British Troop Ship to England

"If and when Great Britain lands a force on the continent in her drive to crush Hitler, she will undoubtedly find a magnificent fifth column in the French people," was the opinion of Professor E. J. H. Greene of the French Department in an interview with The Gateway. Arriving back in Canada early in August after a hectic year in France, during which time he studied at the University of Paris, Mr. Greene claimed that the anti-British feeling in France at the present time is only superficial, brought about by unceasing Nazi propaganda and the fear of the Gestapo.

Frosh Deficient "A" Vitamin, Says Pett

Every Freshman takes his Vitamin A test in Room 121, Arts Building. He looks into a little black box, a switch is turned and his eyes are blinded with the glare of white light. The operator turns off the switch and the Freshman's eyes go through contortions adjusting themselves to the new intensity. The time taken to make this adjustment indicates whether the Freshman is deficient in Vitamin A.

Vitamin A is a very important substance. Every Freshman should have some. In fact, everyone should have some. Dr. L. B. Pett, the brains behind this Vitamin A business, told me that deficiency may cause such unpleasant things as low resistance, dry skin, common colds, night blindness, eye-strain, eczema, bad teeth, gingivitis or pyorrhea. We didn't know what gingivitis was, so we asked. It is a sore mouth.

Curiously, Vitamin A deficiency may cause automobile accidents. One Freshman's eyes took 49 seconds to recover from the glare of the tester. Dr. Pett calculates that had he been driving a car some fine night, and had he been blinded by the headlights of another automobile, the poor Freshman would have driven over four hundred yards without being able to see where he was going. A lot can happen in four hundred yards.

We questioned him about this year's new class.

"Well, when we opened shop the first morning the first customer to walk in was an Airedale dog. We didn't get it confused with a Freshman, however. Seriously, though, I find this season's Freshman class is the worst yet, regarding Vitamin A deficiency. Over 25 per cent. of them are deficient, and 23 per cent. are seriously deficient. The worst was that chap who took 49 seconds to adjust his vision. I tested the summer school earlier in the season. Thirty per cent. lacked Vitamin A, an average percentage. Taking into account that deficiency increases with the coming of autumn, this year's Freshman class still has the greatest lack of Vitamin A of any group that I have tested."

Freshmen are going to have damp handkerchiefs from dripping noses this winter. If they take care of themselves, eat good food, and take cod liver oil they may stand a chance of avoiding colds.

Dr. Pett is gaining no little fame by his Vitamin A testing gadget. The United States government is using one in the Philippine Islands to test sailors for night blindness. The University of Maine, like the University of Alberta, has tested all its Freshman class. Another machine is in use at Toronto, and Dr. Pett has offered the Department of National Defence his invention if it will be of service.

"And this is all your own invention?"

"Yes," breathed Dr. Pett.

Dr. Pett has three efficient assistants, Mr. LePage, Mr. Nelson and Mrs. Waagen. One of them said:

"Who knows, some day Mickey Rooney may act his boyhood."

Atha Andrewe to Study Music U.S.

Atha Andrewe, Law student, orchestral director, and a leader in musical circles at the University in other years, has gained admittance to Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa, as a special student of Jacques Jolas. Cornell College is one of the leading musical colleges on the North American continent, and M. Jolas is one of the foremost instructors of the present day in orchestral direction. Atha left Edmonton by aeroplane early in September to take up his new studies. He has the opportunity of winning numerous scholarships, so that Cornell may open up a vast future for him.

At the University of Alberta, Atha studied law. Two days before going to the United States he was admitted to the bar.

Last season Atha led orchestras successfully in two productions. First was the Philharmonic Society's production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe." Later he led the Opera Slav in their production of Smetana's "The Bartered Bride." The Opera Slav, reorganized as the Empire Opera Company, plans to produce John Strauss' "Die Fledermaus" early next spring. Atha will return to direct it.

REMEMBER WHEN?



During the three days of registration many students passed through the hands of their advisors. Here is Sheila Dunn, of Edmonton, listening attentively to Dr. H. E. Smith, Department of Education.

Student Christian Movement Important Part Varsity Life

Study Groups Conducted by Leaders

SCAVENGER HUNT FRIDAY

The Student Christian Movement is a group of students who come together for just that purpose, namely, to seek the means of making college life most worth-while. The folder for freshmen this year carried a note that the S.C.M. is "a world-wide fellowship of university students seeking to attain all round maturity in Christian living." Paraphrasing the student Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., the S.C.M. is now organized on all the major campuses of Canada, and employs a staff of twelve general secretaries as program organizers and directors. At present it is the only representative body of students in Canada organized on a national scale. Through its affiliation with the World Student Christian Federation, it is a part of a world-wide student movement of over 40 countries.

The program on our campus is one of study, worship, co-operative projects, parties, camps, conferences. Study is carried on in discussion groups, on subjects related to the wider aspects of life and not dealt with specifically in college courses. Study this year will be on the following subjects:

Psychology and Life, led by Mrs. H. E. Smith.

Racial Problems in Canada, led by Prof. Andrew Stewart.

Rural Community Leadership, led by Dr. A. D. Miller.

New Testament in Life Today, led by Gerry Hutchinson.

Social Planning for Canada, led by Bob Henderson.

Orientation to College Life, led by George Tuttle.

Other groups are being arranged on topics in which students may have a special interest.

Worship program includes daily chapel services in St. Stephen's chapel and monthly student services in Convocation Hall. Parties and camps are planned for each term.

The program starts this Friday, Oct. 4, with a Scavenger Hunt, followed by a party at St. Joseph's College. It will be an opportunity to get acquainted and to have a good time. It will be followed on Tuesday, Oct. 8, with the organization meeting at 8 p.m. in Athabaska Lounge, when leaders will be introduced and the program will get under way. The week following, Thanksgiving week-end, a camp is going to be held over the long week-end. It will be an opportunity to consider with leaders what religion means in the life of a student, an opportunity to get to know study group leaders and to plan out programs for the year.

Every student on the campus is

WHAT'S THE USE?

If a man runs after money, he's money-mad; if he keeps it, he's a capitalist; if he spends it, he's a playboy; if he doesn't get it, he's a ne'er-do-well; if he doesn't try to get it, he lacks ambition; if he gets it without working for it, he's a parasite; and if he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work, people call him a fool who never got anything out of life.

The following brief story on Benjamin Franklin was handed in by a little girl:

"He was born in Boston, travelled to Philadelphia, met a lady on the street, she laughed at him, he married her and discovered electricity."

well known.

Commenting on the heads of the government, Mr. Greene stated that Daladier's reputation as a strong man wilted toward spring, and the confidence of the people dwindled because of his alleged intemperate habits. Black horse in French politics was Paul Reynaud. Although he was a first-class financial genius, he had no following, and as a result was forced to spend a great deal of valuable time consolidating his position.

The greatest personal loss to Mr. Greene was his doctor's thesis. This was left in the basement of his hotel in Paris, and may even now be in the hands of the Gestapo.

welcome to any and all of these functions. There is no membership in the S.C.M.; any interested enough to participate in its program is considered as a member. Come out on Friday night and get acquainted.



TELL HIM TODAY!

There's a Journal carrier on the job in every Residence at the University, and on every street in the city. If you haven't already given him the word to start, tell him today.



Realizing your reading time is limited, the first truck-load of last edition Journals is routed to Garneau. Campus carriers Ronald Lister and Dennie Hatch, specializing in swift service, will have the Journal delivered to your door shortly after four p.m.

For the next seven months, Varsity activities will hold a prominent place in the Journal's news columns, along with local news, sports and women's news. The spotlight, however, is on events in Europe and related happenings here at home.

Tell the carrier to start delivery at once so that during the days ahead, you will get all the news, straight, true, in . . .

Edmonton Journal

"ONE OF CANADA'S GREAT NEWSPAPERS"

Commerce Club Starts Activity

Following the tradition of past years, the Commerce Club is again one of the first campus clubs to announce plans for the forthcoming year. With a live-wire executive at the helm, Commerce students are assured of active organization.

First business luncheon at Big Tuck will be held during the third week of October with Mr. Paul Carpenter, manager of Jas. Richardson and Sons, as guest speaker. His subject will be on the workings of the Grain Exchange. The exact date will be announced shortly.

Freshmen election of their class representative is to be held next week. Bob Torrance, secretary-treasurer of the club, will be in charge.

Fees of one dollar are payable to members of the executive. These are Bruce Rankin, president; Margaret Fulton, vice-president; Bob Torrance, secretary-treasurer; Leo Crockett, senior representative; or Graham Austin, second year representative.

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSES SUCCESS ON B.C. CAMPUS

VANCOUVER, Sept. 25.—Encouraged by the success of the first student co-operative boarding house launched on the University of British Columbia campus last year, student co-op. officials announced expansion of the movement to include four houses—three male residences and one co-ed. Feeling that they are the equals of men, the co-eds have organized one house where they will live, sew, eat, clean house and expect to live in harmony on a monthly budget of twenty-five dollars.

Jack Crawford, Varsity Barber Twenty Years in Hair Business

Male Students: How many of you realize that periodically you attend a University feature which this fall celebrates its twentieth anniversary? which, do you ask? Why, the Varsity Barber Shop in the basement of the Arts Building, of course.

Jack Crawford, genial maestro of the scissors and comb, and for upperclassmen, the razor, called his first "You're next" way back in the fall of 1921. Though many changes have taken place since then, Jack has not moved his chair. In addition, he opened the Varsity Beauty Parlor in Big Tuck in 1928, but returned to his old stand in the fall of 1937.

We struck him in a reminiscent mood the other day while removing several months growth from head and chin of a certain sophomore. Jack admitted that he was not called upon very often to perform this type of operation, but, he added with a smile, "Nor do I give Freshmen their beautiful first haircut any more." We were intrigued. He went on to explain that Freshmen today do not

know how lucky they are. Years back it was the custom to give new students a check redeemable at the barber shop. "Then," he said, "I used to put on the skull-cap and clip around it. The final touch was a large V or A on the back of the head, and they didn't object either, because then the Sophs would do it." "Later," Jack added, "the Sophs took it upon themselves. Then a dull clipper was used at random, and was not enjoyed by all."

Queried as to what he thought of new male students as the years roll by, Jack thought for a while, and answered, "I think they look older and somewhat bigger. Of course, there were only about 100 Freshmen for the first few years. Now, if I had to give them their special cut, why the lineup would be worse than that for the medical test."

During the summer months Jack Crawford operates a shop in Banff, and extends a cordial invitation to all male students to drop in when-ever they may be in the vicinity.

Varsity Women Provide Relief For Overseas Refugee Children; Clothing, Food are Necessities

University Girls' War Aid Consists of Clerical Staff, Professors' Wives and Students

GRACE DUGGAN, HAZEL MCINTYRE HEADS

By Barbara Mason

Across the pages of history is spreading the emblazoned story of war with all its horrors, tragedy and pathos. For the soldier it is work, for the civilian it is an inferno. In Belgium the whole thing started and quickly spread to Holland, to France and recently to our England. From country to country travelled the people who bear the brunt of war—the refugees. Their is the story of the truth of war, theirs is the story of war.

What is the civilized world doing for these people? From the people to the people are going supplies of all kinds. From the women of Canada are going all the necessities for the homeless.

At the University of Alberta the mechanism of war has long been rolling. Leaders of the crusade at U. of A., against the chaos and destruction overseas, are Miss Hazel McIntyre and Miss Grace Duggan of the Household Economics department. Not content with their usual busy summers, they took upon themselves the gigantic project of leading the war effort of the women of U. of A. Some of the student body, the clerical staff and even the professors' wives were inspired by their enthusiasm. At noons, in the evenings, at any time at all, the House Ec. lab. was a hive of industry. Phenomenal indeed is the amount of work that can be done when a group, fired by the same inspiration, band together. What one could never do is accomplished easily by many.

Supplies, the crucial factor in such an organization, came from varied and unexpected sources. Supplemental to those donated by the Red Cross, each member of the University Girls War Aid (as the group is technically called) made a monthly donation to further the good work. Vastly important, however, have been individual donations of second-hand clothing and other incidentals that make for perfection.

Sewing became a pleasing pastime just as any task done with a will does. The cutting of the material was done by some of the members of the House Ec. classes for the other amateurs, who found that playing needles and scissors was work anyone could do. From inexpensive materials came 25 skirts and blouses, 10 dozen nightgowns and

other necessities of clothing, such as babies' wear of all kinds, soldiers' shawls, quilts and scarves, both knitted and woven, for war-torn Europe. From busy fingers came knitted sweaters, socks and caps. For the most part the sewing was done for six-year-olds. Now the ambitious group is fashioning apparel for fourteen-year-olds.

Sewing, however, failed to satisfy this aspiring society, who next turned to the all important question of food. Three hundred pounds of jams, jellies and marmalades were canned during the summer months. England, the citadel, has no pressing need for such supplies, but this in no way decreases their value to the Canadian guest children and other war causes. Always willing to support any worthy organization, the leading Edmonton business firms contributed liberally. From interested individuals came sugar and the other supplies so necessary.

Just as rapid as the Aids organization and accomplishments was the shipment of the goods to the needed places. From Belgium in all manner of craft the terrified people fled before the mechanized hand of war. In South Wales there settled a colony of poor Belgium fisher-folk. To them went the first shipment from U. of A. From them has been received messages of undying thanks and gratitude. "Such things as you have sent," writes one woman, "are truly needed necessities—even the packing boxes have been utilized." Such writings are proof of the organization's good work.

"I'm admiring your coat. Is that camel's hair?"
"Say! Don't you call my girl friend a camel!"

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Dr. Tuttle Named Moderator

One of the highest distinctions has been conferred upon a member of the faculty of the University with the election of the Rt. Rev. Dr. A. S. Tuttle, M. A., LL.D., D.D., Principal of St. Stephen's College, as Moderator of the United Church of Canada. Long connected with the University, Dr. Tuttle was first elected Principal shortly after World War I. Since then he has continued without interruption as Professor of the Philosophy of Religion. Prior to his appointment at St. Stephen's, he was pastor first at Grace Church, later at McDougall Church.

Although his new position will add extensively to his duties, it is expected that Dr. Tuttle will retain his seat at St. Stephen's.

Philharmonic to Produce Mikado Says President

Leads in Last Year's "Iolanthe" Already Have Scores

ATHA ANDREWE GONE

First Rehearsal to be Early in October

With the return of Don McCormick, president of the Philharmonic Society, to the campus, tentative plans for the forthcoming season have been made public.

This year's presentation is to be that well known favorite of opera lovers, "The Mikado." University students in the past have already had the pleasure of hearing this delightful operetta as presented by the Philharmonic Society.

Scores have already been sent out to some of the more prominent singers among the students. As yet no definite date has been set for the first rehearsal and tryouts, although it will be early in October.

With the departure of Atha Paul Andrewe, director of last year's presentation, "Iolanthe," the executive is faced with the problem of finding a new director. No one yet has been named, though several names are under consideration.

The University is fortunate in having many fine singers back for this year. Pat Blackstock, Roger Flumme, Margaret Hutton, Dave Jones, Roy Amundsen and Barbara Gillman are among the many who gave creditable performances in "Iolanthe."

Assisting Don McCormick, president of the executive, are Betty Towerton, vice-president, Jack Leask, secretary-treas., and Harry Mackay, business manager.

Sign of Good Memory: When dad is worried because his daughter has stayed out too late with a boy friend.

ROAD TO PREPAREDNESS



Scenes like these will be familiar to all male University students before the year ends. Training similar to this is provided under the new National War Services Act.

Faculty Changes Many as Staff Join War Ranks

Jack Garrett, Rhodes Scholar, Replaces Tracy in English Department

NEW P.T. INSTRUCTOR

Dr. Mark Levey, M.D.C.M. (McGill, D.L.O. (England), Edmonton eye specialist and lecturer in ophthalmology at the University, has been named clinical professor and head of the department of Ophthalmology and Rhinology-Laryngology, Dr. W. A. R. Kerr announced Saturday.

He issued the announcement of appointments, resignations and leaves of absence after a meeting of the Executive of the Board of Governors Friday.

Dr. Levey succeeds Dr. Claude V. Jamieson, who resigned his position on the medical faculty. Also appointed to the faculty was John C. Garrett, U. of A. Rhodes Scholar 1936, and graduate of Oxford with first class honors. He will become lecturer in English, replacing Dr. C. R. Tracy, who has taken up the position of Adjutant of the C.O.T.C.

Leaves of absence for military service were granted to Dr. G. B. Thurston, instructor in Operative Dentistry, who has enlisted in the Canadian Army Dental Corps; Dennis M. Healy, lecturer in Modern Languages, who has enlisted in the R.C.A.F.; Professor E. H. Strickland, Department of Entomology, who is now attached to the C.O.T.C.; Associate Professor E. H. Boomer, Department of Chemistry, who is now acting as consultant in Alberta for the Director of the Explosives and Chemical Division of the Allied War Supplies Corporation.

Dr. R. W. Salt, of the Dominion Entomology Laboratory, Lethbridge, is to be sessional lecturer in Entomology; Leroy Thorssen will be sessional instructor in Civil Engineering; Dr. A. G. McCall, of the National Research Council, will hold a similar position in Field Crops; T. W. Boyer, B.Sc., is to be sessional assistant in Chemistry, while Professor A. R. Greig, B.Sc., will act, as last session, as temporary Professor of Mechanical Engineering.

In Anatomy, sessional instructors will be Drs. Mitro Michael Sereido, Harold Lane Richards, Olav Rostrop, Albert Wm. Hardy, and John Miskew.

New Dean of Agriculture, replacing the late Dean Howes, is Dr. Robert Newton, who was formerly in the Department of Field Crops. Taking the place of Dr. V. Ignatieff, who is in the Active Service forces, is Dr. R. E. Carlyle.

In the Department of Modern Languages, E. J. H. Greene and Horace Jacobs will replace Prof. H. de Savoye and Dennis Healy. Miss Vera Major, B.Sc. (Manitoba), will be assistant in House Ec.

J. H. Panton has been named Acting Director of Physical Education.

Back from sabbatical leave are Dr. Sandin of the Department of Chemistry, Dr. Misener of the Classics department, R. M. Hardy, assistant professor of Civil Engineering, and Dr. Bowstead, assistant professor of Animal Husbandry.

L. E. Gads, B.Sc. (Alberta), will act as sessional demonstrator in Civil Engineering, while G. A. Govier, B.Sc. (McGill), will be sessional instructor in Civil Engineering (Plant Design). Dr. William Orobko and Dr. Paul Hervieu are to be sessional demonstrators in Operative Dentistry. Dr. H. R. MacLean becomes instructor in the same course.

J. H. Brown, B.Sc., is to be sessional assistant in Entomology; O. F. Cyprian, B.A., will be Fellow in German.

M. J. Huston, graduate of Alberta, was appointed sessional assistant in pharmacy. In the Department of Extension, H. B. Mayo, graduate of Dalhousie and a former Newfoundland Rhodes Scholar and a graduate from Oxford, was named assistant, replacing Watson Thomson.

The President expressed satisfaction at the registration figures, which indicate that in spite of the heavy enlistment in the armed forces, employment on harvesting operations, and employment also of students on contract, the enrolment showed only a minor decrease from that of a year ago.

Squaws Put on Squeeze as Tribal Dance Draws Near

Wauneita—the tribe-name of the women of U. of A. Wauneita—the guiding light for all Freshettes.

The history of the Wauneita Society is the history of our alma mater. Beginning with the tiny group of courageous women who desired a university education and set out to find it here, the tribe has increased to its present large proportions encompassing every co-ed on the campus. Due the braves of this unique society is a vote of thanks for an undying spirit that binds and unites every college girl at this seat of learning.

From their first entrance into the Art's "Halls of Learning," the Freshettes were taken under the provincial wing of Chief Nellie Coyle and her "braves." A custom of Freshman Introduction Week are the Campus Tours that fill up the interminable wait for registration. The inquisitive groups went from the very attics to the deepest depths of the library, terrified by the mention of the stiff lab., and disbelieving the terrific industry in The Gateway office. The co-eds spent the first of many happy hours in the Arts and Med Wauneita rooms, founded by the society for brief relaxation between lectures. In Pembina, home of Wauneita, the newcomers were welcomed by Miss Dodd, who had a personal chat and a handshake with each one.

Thursday, amid the quiet, gracious surroundings of Pembina Hall, the Freshettes were guests of the society at tea. Informality marked the occasion as the guests gathered around the piano to sing.

Past the grid and on to the riverbank hiked the co-eds on Friday night, and they were rewarded by weiners and buns, doughnuts and coffee in abundance. Acquaintances became friendships as the merry throng feasted and sang in the great out-of-doors.

Traditional are the green and gold feathers and faggots of Wauneita initiation. Across the campus, Tuesday evening, wended the solemn company to the accompaniment of the tribal drums. For every Freshette the taking of the pledge of truth and friendship, amid the dim glow of the camp-fire is a thrill never to be forgotten. For every Freshette the vow of "All for each and each for all" acquires a new significance. And as the new braves dispersed homeward, they left the strains of their song Wauneita echoing around Pembina, their home.

A tourist stopped his car on the road and asked a little country boy how far it was to Smithville. The little boy replied: "It's 24,999 miles the way you're going, but if you turn around it ain't but four."

Sizmo Sam sez his girl friend is so dumb she thinks an operetta is a little telephone girl.

Active Force Men May Apply For Rhodes Award

Martland Announces Date For Application

Eligible candidates for the Rhodes Scholarships for the year 1940-41 who are, or expect to be, engaged in military service or special war service either at home or abroad are invited to apply as long before November 10, 1940, as possible, according to Ronald Martland, Secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee for Alberta. Approval of the naval, military and air force staffs has been obtained, and it appointed the successful candidates will not be at any disadvantage by reason of such service, as the Rhodes Scholarships awarded in war-time are suspended until the end of the war except in special cases where the circumstances of the Scholar and the kind and urgency of the studies which he proposes to follow are such as to warrant the immediate use of the scholarship.

Founded by Cecil Rhodes, ten scholarships are to be distributed among eight of the nine provinces. Two each go to Ontario and Quebec, and one each to Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan. Candidates must be unmarried male British subjects, whose residence has been in Canada for at least five years. They must be over the age of eighteen and under twenty-five years on October 1, 1941, some preference being given to those who will then be under twenty-three years. Candidates must also have completed the first year and have entered upon or completed the second year of study at a Canadian university, but need not be attending University at the time of application.

Selection is made on the basis of school and college records, without written examination. The qualities which will be considered in making the selection are: Literary and scholastic attainments; qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy, kindness, unselfishness and fellowship; exhibition of moral forces of character and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his fellows; physical vigour as shown by the fondness for and success in outdoor sports. Some definite quality of distinction, whether in intellect, character or personality, or in any combination of these, is the important requirement. Financial need does not receive special consideration.

Full information about the scholarships and a form for making application may be obtained from Mr. A. E. Ottewill, Registrar, from Mr. Martland, or from Mr. D. R. Michener, 372 Bay Street, Toronto, the Canadian representative of the Rhodes Trust.

U.B.C. Battalions Train Saturdays

New Adornment for Freshmen Provides Amusement

By A. H. V. Backman

VANCOUVER, B.C., Sept. 25.—The old dunce cap, traditionally the favorite headgear and initial costume for all green freshies, has disappeared on the Point Grey campus. This year the 1940 freshmen and freshettes are strutting around with more colorful shoes and stockings, and a naive hair-ribbon or bow tie.

Joe College looks with amusement at the odd-colored shoes of the freshman. The freshman does not mind. He has a similar pair of shoes at home.

But the co-eds—ah, that is a different tale! Long the favorites of keen searching and ribald howls, the shanks of the comely beauties are covered with odd-colored socks. The naive freshette looks more colorful so does her ankle.

VANCOUVER, Sept. 25.—For the duration of the war all physically fit made students at the University of British Columbia will undergo compulsory military training either in the C.O.T.C. or in the Reserve Militia, President L. S. Klink advised the students last week. Since most of the training will be given on Saturday afternoons, all intercollegiate and extra-mural sports activities will be cancelled for the current academic year. Interfaculty sports, however, will continue, but on a smaller scale.

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THE GATEWAY



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THIS year's freshman class, the second to come to the University under war-time conditions, is being introduced to a new environment unfamiliar even to senior students—an atmosphere of sober determination brought about by the war. Our government, prompted by the needs of our country, instituted national registration and compulsory military training. Anticipating the readiness with which University students would respond to the call for service, officials have cancelled all intercollegiate sports for the duration of the war. This action was taken to enable the student to carry on his studies and at the same time prepare himself for his part in the defence of Canada.

The covered rink, the scene of so many battles between opposing hockey teams, is rapidly being transformed into training ground for a united group of young Canadians in their fight against Hitlerism. Signing over of this student property to military authorities was carried out with the understanding that the rink would revert back to the students at the end of the war.

The urge to fulfill a sacred obligation; to protect and maintain that form of government which allowed them, even in time of war, to continue their education, many students have already enlisted in the active service forces on land and in the air. A number of the faculty have also hastened to the colors, many for the second time in a quarter of a century. For these men, whom many of us know personally, we offer only the highest praise. Those of us who still remain will, however, play a part in bringing Britain and her Empire a step closer to ultimate victory. Immediate training for all able-bodied male students will be instituted, by the formation of a general battalion from whose ranks members of the C.O.T.C. will be chosen.

All in all, we students, accused so often of being irresponsible, even unpatriotic, are throwing aside the guise of frivolity, and are making our critics aware that we too are conscious that this is our war.

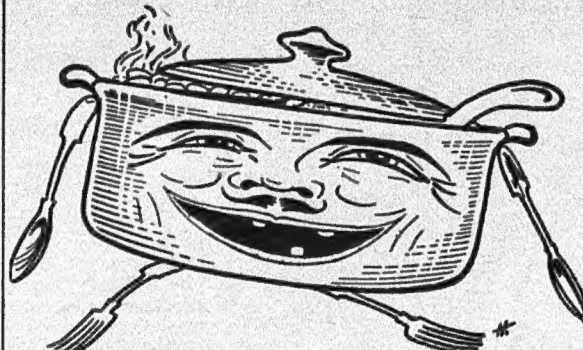
ONE of the first duties of a newspaper editor, whether he be the head of a daily or a mere college publication, is to state his editorial policy. Since The Gateway, now in its thirty-first year of publication, considers itself a full-fledged newspaper, and because we are tired of answering verbal queries as to our stand, it becomes not only an obligation but a pleasure to outline in some form or other, the policy of The Gateway.

Policy of The Gateway This year more than ever will we endeavor to be a student's paper — by the students and, above all, for the students. Although we bear the title "official publication of the Students' Union," this will in no way prevent us from levelling criticism, constructive or otherwise, at any department or organization of the Union. Any action by Council which in our opinion is not in the best interests of the students will receive the attention it deserves. For we feel that we are responsible to the students in general more than to Council itself.

From the faculty we ask for a free hand. Previous editors have, we think, been too subservient at times, giving in on issues which should have been thoroughly aired in the columns of The Gateway, but were suppressed and often omitted at the request of the authorities. Such will not be the case this year. Anyone qualified to attend University is certainly mature enough to think for himself, and in matters which relate to his own interest he should be allowed to do so.

It is expected that full co-operation between The Gateway and the papers of the other Canadian universities will result from a betterment of relations with the Canadian University Press, and by forgetting the childish differences which arose last year between ourselves and certain other western publications. The Gateway will benefit from this rapprochement, and the

CASSEROLE



"Corporal, I'm classifying all the girls in town."
"Good for you."

"Nope, the bad for me and the good for you."

Cannibal King—What am I having for lunch?
Cook—Two old maids.

Cannibal King—Ugh! Leftovers again!

His face was a striking one, and even without his clothes people would have turned to look at him.

Printer's Error

George had charge of the entertainment during the past year. His birth-provoking antics were always the life of the party, and he will be greatly missed.

Principal—George, give me a sentence using "pro-fanity".
George—Dammit!

A compositor, out of work, secured a job as a waiter. One of his first customers, whom he served with soup, called him back and said: "Waiter, there's a button in this soup."

"Very sorry, sir," said the waiter. "Printer's error. Should be mutton."

"No, Tommy," said his mother, "one piece is quite enough for you."

"It's funny," responded Tommy with an injured air; "you say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practice."

Three little boys were boasting of the abilities of their respective fathers. Said one: "My father's a musician, and when he composes a song he gets five dollars for it."

"That's nothing," said the second. "My father's an author, and when he writes an article he gets ten dollars for it."

"Well," said the third boy, "my father's a minister, and when he preaches a sermon, it takes six men to carry the money up to him."

"Why do you want such a big sink?" asked the plumber. "Well," explained the man who was building a new house, "when my wife leaves in the summer, she's generally gone a month."

"Our regiment was the first to enter Bethlehem in the last war," said an ex-soldier.
"A bet 't' shepherds watched their flocks that neat," retorted the Lancashire Lad.—London Daily Herald.

Betty—Sandy spent a pretty penny on me last night. Mary—Indeed, you surprise me.

Betty—Yes; you should have seen how smooth and polished it was when he put it in the chewing gum machine.

"Jeannie, lassie," said an Aberdonian to his daughter, "I've just had a vassit fra Tammie, and I've consented to your marriage."

"Oh, but father," she blurted out, "I dinna want to leave my mither."

"Hoots, lassie," was the reply, "dinna let that trouble ye; ye can take her wi' ye."

Henpecked Husband—Where is my wife going for the winter?
Maid—To Palm Beach, sir.

Henpecked Husband—Do you know if she is taking me with her?

Some wounded soldiers were being admitted to a hospital.

One of the patients was being carried to "L" ward, but at the door the stretcher-bearers were met by the sister, who said, "I'm sorry, but L's full up."

"That's all right," gasped the patient, "I'll just go to 'eaven'."

He was telling about being invited to a nudist party. He said: "I rang the door bell and out came the nudist butler."

"How did you know it was the butler?" asked a listener.

"Well, I knew right away it wasn't the maid," came the reply.—The Forum, Johannesburg.

"Mabel is going around telling lies about me."

"Don't worry now, dear. Wait till she starts telling the truth."

As a closing thought: You can't pull up a chair on the ladder of success.

students more so, for it will mean more news from the other campuses.

In war-time the thankless position of an editor becomes all the more difficult. He must think and write with reserve. With this constantly in mind, we enter into another session—with thirty-one issues ahead of us, each one of them a worry—yet without any intention of giving up the ghost.

THE GATEWAY

Wide-Eyed in Gotham

By Reuven Frank

A Canadian University Press Feature

English as She is Moidered NEW YORK.—All the women in this city talk like Brenda and Corbina. It's astounding. Usually we picture ladies with Bronx or Brooklyn accents as young, garish and dumpy, just as we picture people who use the mountain dialect as rather old. Well, perhaps you didn't, but I did, and that is all that's important at the moment. So it was a distinct shock to see a little old lady with white hair and a kindly, seamed face, turn to her companion, and with the voice of an Ediphone, proclaim, "Lis-sun, Maybull."

It is opening day in a Manhattan high school. The students of the last form are assembled in their classes, shuffling excitedly. Outwardly, they are as all last-form high school students, gangling or squat, and slightly fuzzy. Their distinct characteristic does not show for awhile.

The speech teacher enters, a spare woman with spectacles. As the class buzzes around her, she make her way up and down the aisles. Each student in turn is asked to repeat, "My sister Florence is a nurse. She hung her coat on a coat-hanger long ago." Actually this sentence is the spearhead of the current drive against the "en gee click," and the offenders will betray themselves by saying "lon gago."

But the speech teacher is due for frustration; she has come to the wrong school. The students have "en gee clicks," but that is the least of their speech defects. One after another they begin: "My sister is a nois . . ."

An emergency test faces them. "Say, 'The bird chirps.'"

"De boid choips."

Dr. Elias Lieberman is becoming a pernicious influence.

Dr. Elias Lieberman, by dint of his ability, has risen to the post of assistant supervisor of high schools in charge of junior high schools. A native-born New Yorker, he has been polluted by the education that led to his Ph.D., and he is wreaking havoc with that basic American liberty, freedom of mis-speech. His campaign will take the character out of this city as profoundly as did Mayor LaGuardia's razing of the Sixth Avenue El.

For Elias Lieberman has passed a decree—lilliburlero bullen ala—that English is to be spoken at all junior high schools. This is little short of revolutionary. And the venerable Dr. L. goes even further; English must be spoken not only in English classes, but in all classes. Figurez-vous! French classes will no longer be conducted in an East Side brogue; history students will strip Al Smith of his brown derby and denounce him as a boor, a vulgarian, a defiler of the rhythm of English prose.

The aim of it all is to get the junior high school students to speak a correct and beautiful English at all times, and it is precisely here that Dr. Lieberman's campaign becomes pernicious. It is all very well for

correct speech to be studied academically and then forgotten, as are the Pythagorean theorem and the use of the subjunctive in Latin. But we must not forget that the junior high school student of today is the New Yorker of tomorrow, and the New Yorker of tomorrow will be the weak, insipid thing indeed if Dr. Lieberman's correct English fifth column gains its ends.

The colored boy who shines your shoes is momentarily distracted by a colored girl rushing by.

"Mah, mah, mah. They's one beautiful chile." He drags out each syllable with fondness and relish.

Obviously she hears him, for she trips on the steps that lead into the subway.

"Naow, don't yo'-all fall, honey," he calls after her, "or ah'll have to come to yo' reskew." He flashes a grin of half a hundred white teeth at you. "Ef ah don't have three dollar an' fifty cents tomo'w, mah lan'lady, she goin' to come to mah reskew! Yas, suh!"

He is silent for a few minutes, then again, "She sho' goin' to come to mah reskew!" He laughs.

"Hyah, hyah, hyah . . ."

The junior high school student of today is the citizen, the worker, the sports fan of tomorrow. Imagine a scene in Ebbets Field twenty years from now. The Dodgers are back in the cellar, where they belong, and are currently battling to overcome a twelve-run lead. The stands are packed—and quiet. The umpire calls "Strike two!" There is a murmur. A murmur! Why back in 1940 the benches could do better than a murmur in the dead of night with no one sitting on them. The umpire calls "Strike three" and from out of the deadly hush comes a voice in the bleachers, "For shame!"

Or will Tony Galento III, preparing for his bout with fifty-year-old champion Joe Louis, say to the press, "I'll moider de bum. I'll push his face in. I'll knock him cold so fast he'll tink he was hit by a truck"? I am afraid not. We are more likely to read, "I shall do my best to pound Mr. Louis into a state of unconsciousness, or at least semi-consciousness."

It's debilitating, that's what it is! The national energy bids fair to be sapped since spurious culture is depriving it of the tools of its vigour, a healthy slang, and a disregard for the rules of language. The crowning shame will come on July 4, 1963, when the Daily Mirror will announce the following Independence Day sports events:

American Stadium—cricket, Mr. Ebbets' Field—rugger, the Polo Grounds—polo.

The freshman at City College who protests the arbitrary decision that he take non-credit speech classes because of some minor defect, is told in the registrar's office, "You'll have to take them. The speech clatheth are compulthory."

This N' That

By Marcel Lambert

After a peck here and there at this year's crop of Freshies during their informal gatherings in Freshman Introduction Week, let it be known that whatever their failings may be, they certainly can mut a mean caper when it comes to dancing. In contrast to last year's class, who declared "thumbs down" on jitter-bugging, they just love it, and how they go for Bonm Elie! hot swing adds twenty years on the shoulders of older students who like theirs sweet and low.

Male Fashion Note: With the militia well in the foreground, many an upper classman has returned to the campus proudly and fearlessly displaying a mustache. Of various hues, they range from the minute twenty-hair style to full-fledged toothbrushes. How long this will last depends on when the favorite coeds call a stop to these hirsute adornments.

P.S.—Don't say it, but we'll plead guilty too.

Breathes there a man with pride so dead,
Who never to a Freshman said,
"Don't you know at all?
Room 111 is down the hall."

A little story has come to our ears that following a recent tear-gas demonstration on the corner of one of Edmonton's main thoroughfares, in which citizens were forced to resort to the dear old hankie, a certain enterprising business man seriously contemplated offering for sale pocket-sized bombs for exclusive use at the funerals of dear mothers-in-law. We still think a potent little onion is much cheaper, just as effective, and certainly less painful.

This week's pat on the head for sheer pluck and daring goes to an intrepid freshman whom we are told, not understanding the intricacies of one of Edmonton's more modern street cars, proceeded to fight and battle his way in the side door all the while the conductor valiantly trying to close the door. Sore shins and a ruffled dignity, we think, were the net results.

Freshie—Please, sir?
Bob Hole (fearing the worst)—Yes.

Freshie—Do they give you much home-work here at Varsity?

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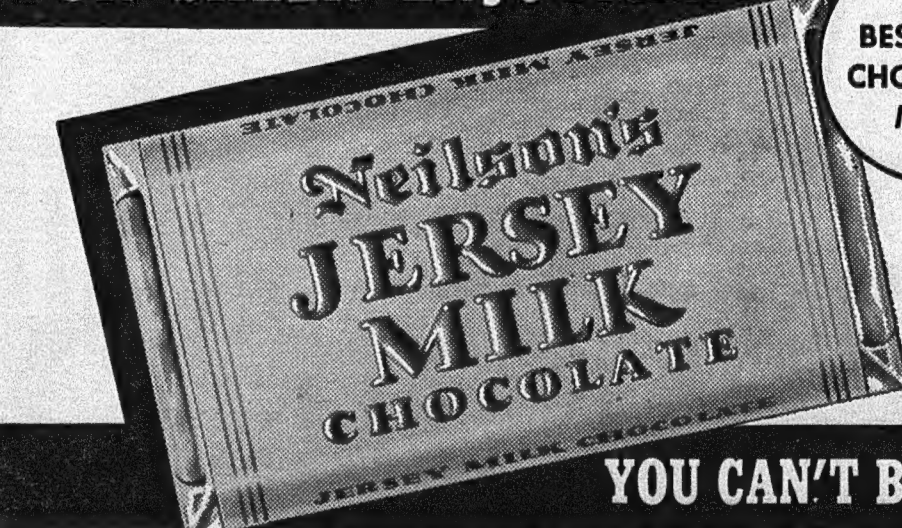
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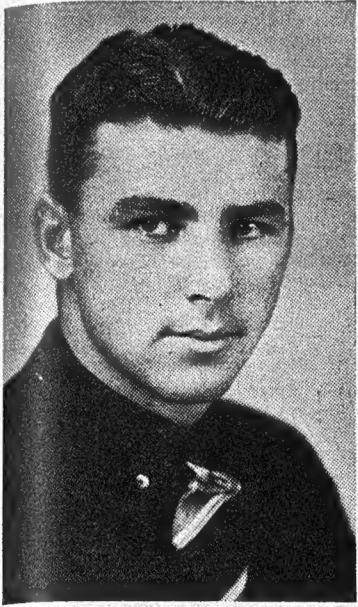
We wish to take this opportunity of welcoming all students, both new and old, to the University

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PEOPLE YOU SHOULD GET TO KNOW

PRESIDENT



Jack Neilson, fifth year Dental student, who holds the responsible position of President of the Students' Union. Diplomacy is one of his best characteristics.

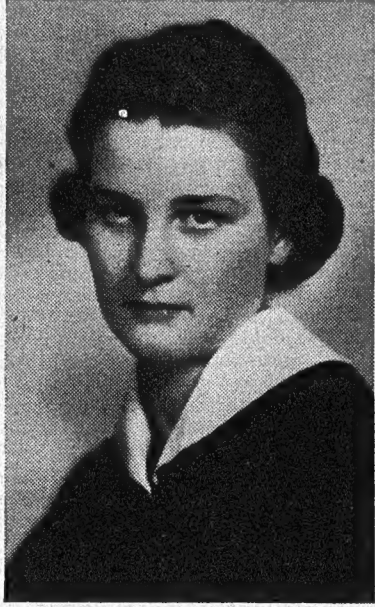
INVOCATION

Inspiration, O Inspiration,
Take me in thy loving arms,
Give to me thy consolation,
Through the magic of thy charms!
While in depths of thought I lie,
Restore to me thy vision pure;
Lest to trackless wastes I fly,
To miss the work I can't endure.

Sismo Sam sez the reason a chigger
digs in head first is so he can get his
fanny scratched.

Fun is like life insurance. The
older you get the more it costs.

VICE-PRESIDENT



Isobel "Ikey" Howson, House Ec. miss, acts as Neilson's right hand—on Council. Vice-President of the Union, she is in charge of all social functions for visiting teams—should there be any.

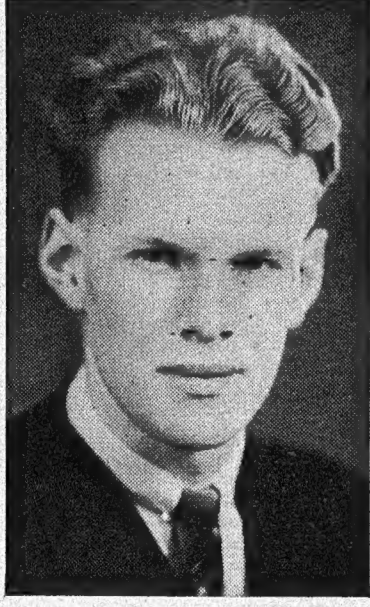
DEAN OF WOMEN



Miss Florence Dodd, Dean of Women and official warden of Alberta's co-eds, lends her patronage to all the major social functions on the campus. Friend to all the girls and popular with the male students, Miss Dodd handles her position very efficiently.

Dumb waiters in the kitchen
Are wooden as you please;
But sheiks who wait in Pembina
Are dumber far than these.

RETIRING



Bill Milroy, elected Secretary of the Union last spring, now a lieutenant in charge of the University Auxiliary Battalion. Bill is not returning to his studies. This leaves a vacancy on the Council.

PROVOST



Dr. J. M. McEachran, Provost of the University, whose duty it is to see that the students maintain discipline both on and off the campus. His name has become immortalized in the parody of Alberta Varsity's Song.

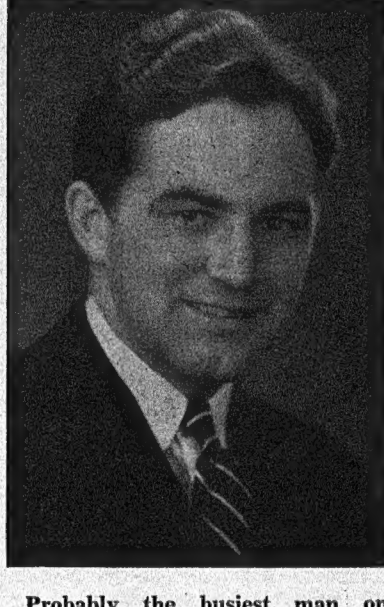
THESPIAN



Director of the Dramatic Society is E. Maldwyn Jones, better known as "Casey". The society produces Inter-year Plays, Class Plays and a Spring Play, and all students interested are asked to get in touch with Mr. Jones. Under his skilled hands, this year should be one of the best in dramatic history.

"Finding the lady in her bath, the burglar covered her with his gun."

MAINSTAY



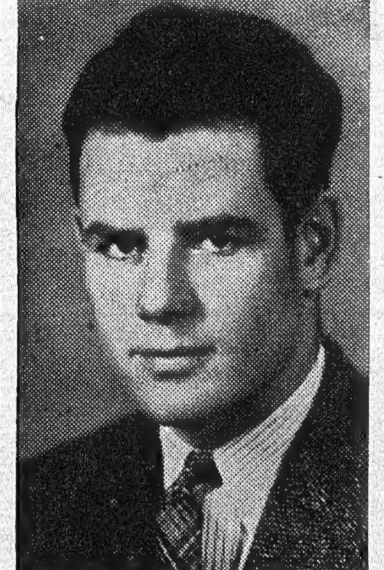
Probably the busiest man on Council is Ed Lewis, who besides his law studies, holds down the post of Treasurer. On him falls the task of sorting out the finances of the Union.

CHIEF SQUAW



Nellie Coyle, President of the Wauneita Society, who had charge of initiating all new co-eds into the organization. She is now planning for the Wauneita dance, which is held later in October.

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR



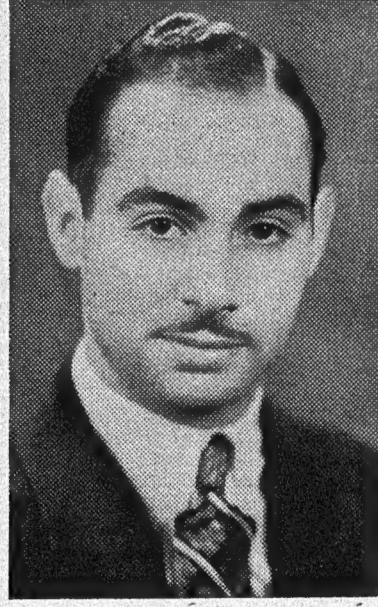
Jim Panton, recently appointed Athletic Director, has already made himself indispensable on the campus. Under his direction, training has started for the University track meet. He plans to introduce a new type of physical training for the co-eds which should prove popular with the girls.

HOCKEY COACH?



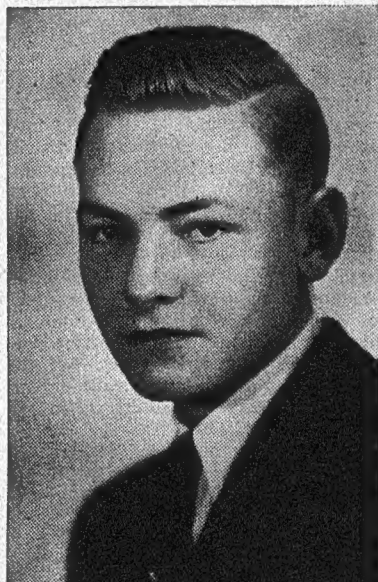
If Varsity should have a hockey team this winter in the city league, Stan Moher will certainly coach it. Achieving great success last year, Stan is confident that he can do as well this year in spite of the losses by last spring's graduation.

ATHLETIC HEAD



William "Bill" Haddad, President of the Men's Athletic Board, who is doing his best to better interfaculty sport and city league sports in view of the cancellation of all intercollegiate competition.

YEAR BOOK MOGUL



Mac Burka, Director of the Year Book, Evergreen and Gold. One of the best college publications on the continent, Mac already has this year's edition well under way.

FOOTBALL COACH



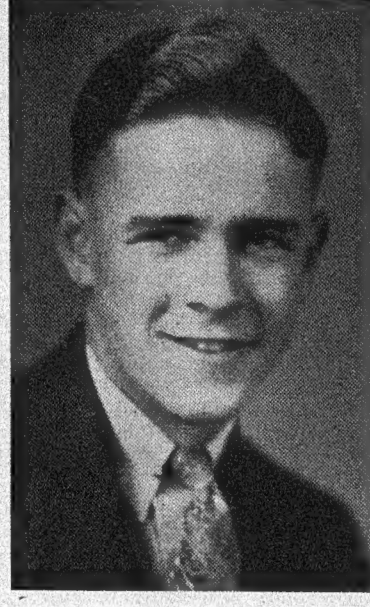
Formerly with the Edmonton Eskimos and now in charge of rugby and other athletics here, Bob Fritz plans to field a Varsity team which will keep the Green and Gold colors flying in the realm of sports. Assistant to Jim Panton, Fritz and he should accomplish a great deal with the material available at the University.

MILITIA HEAD



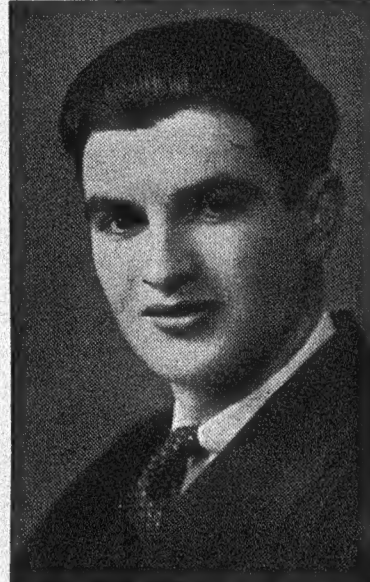
Lieut.-Col. P. S. Warren, Commanding Officer of the Alberta Contingent, Canadian Officers' Training Corps, who is in charge of all military training on the campus. He is a member of the staff of the Geology Department.

NO STRANGER



Already known to every Freshman on the campus is Fred Pritchard, head of the Freshman Introduction Committee. Besides this, Fred carries on radio work, which includes Newscasts and Sports Broadcasts.

BUSINESS MANAGER



Delmar Foote, last year's Director of the Evergreen and Gold, is the man behind the scenes. Handling the finances and advertising of the Year Book is no easy job, but judging from past performances Del will execute it efficiently. He is also a Junior law student.

PHILHARMONIC CHIEF



President of the Philharmonic Society, which every year produces a Gilbert and Sullivan eperetta, is Don McCormick, Junior law student. He and his executive are already working on plans for this year's presentation of "The Mikado."

THIS EXECUTIVE OF OURS

President: Jack Neilson.
Vice-President: Isobel Howson.
Secretary: Bill Milroy.
Treasurer: Ed Lewis.
President of Literary Society: Blair Fulton.
President of Men's Athletics: Bill Haddad.
Secretary of Men's Athletics: Doug Smith.
President of Wauneita Society: Nellie Coyle.
Secretary of Wauneita Society: Nora McPhail.
Women's Disciplinary Committee: Ruth Rostrop, Barbara Peddlesden.
Arts Representative: Bill Sinclair.
Agriculture Representative: Mac Burka.
Science Representative: Jack Roper.
Law Representative: Alex. Williamson.
President of Women's Athletics: Jean Robertson.
Secretary of Women's Athletics: Marg. Willox.

Mose sat on his front porch munching corn bread when one of his hens went tearing past, followed by the old rooster in high gear. Suddenly the rooster applies his brakes, pulls up short, trots back and starts picking at the corn bread crumbs at Mose's feet. The old darky eyes him in astonishment, then explodes: "Lan' sakes, Mr. Rooster, I hopes Ah never gets dat hungry!"

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During the coming term we want your patronage, and to introduce our Theatre to you the first 50 Freshies presenting themselves at The Gateway Office Monday and Tuesday next week will receive free passes to the attraction showing that night.

On any week night during the entire year any student showing his Green and Gold Card will be admitted for 17c. Watch for further announcements in the next Gateway.

Mon. and Tues. Showing

**THREE CHEERS FOR THE IRISH
PRIDE OF THE BLUE GRASS**

Graduate Travels From Darkest Africa To Darker Europe; Raid Shelter Bombed

Editor's Note: Author of this long but interesting letter is Rev. Kenneth Harold Prior, graduate from Alberta 1926 with degree of Bachelor of Science of Agriculture. Having spent the past 14 years in Portuguese West Africa and British territory, Mr. Prior left for Europe after war broke out. The account of the experience he and his wife underwent, we feel, is worthy of publication.

c/o C.M.S.,
6 Salisbury Square,
London, E.C. 4, Eng.
June, 1940.

Dear Friends:

Before leaving Nigeria we made a number of promises to send back particulars of the journey, giving details of travel arrangements as well as a description of the journey itself. With the closing of the route, however, and the new circumstances in which we find ourselves, I feel we can omit the first part as quite useless at present, and confine our efforts to a description of the journey and of our own experiences.

When we went to the train at Enugu we found the second-class coach crowded out, so they put us into a first-class compartment. We were very comfortable, and enjoyed the train journey up-country. The scenery and atmosphere in the North were much more like what we had been used to in Angola.

We left the train at Zaria, and were met by Miss Jeffries and Dr. Cook of Wusasa, who had come along to carry us home despite the very early hour—something after midnight. We spent two very pleasant days at Wusasa, and had the pleasure of seeing the schools, the hospital and the Leper Colony as well as the Government Agricultural Station at Samaru.

The work in the North is very different from that in the South, and smaller numbers of classes and congregations impresses one at once. I judge the work to be interesting and progressing, but not easy. All seemed to be very keen on their jobs. We enjoyed our stay very much.

From Zaria we went on to Kano, this time accompanied by Bishop Vining, who had come up on this next train. We arrived at Kano at 6:30 a.m. after a night's run, but not sleep, and on the platform we found Mr. Oliver awaiting us with his cheery smile. Mr. Oliver is a great host, and entertained us royally. After due consideration, Pearl decided that Mr. Oliver does not intend to get married, for he can get along so well alone. What we should have done without Mr. Oliver's help and his car is almost impossible to imagine. There were so many things to see to, but they were all accomplished in good time, and arrangements for leaving completed. Bishop Vining's "chop" box was filled and added to our own, and we purchased lanterns, a kettle and cushions, and made burlap bags for cooling two bottles and one gal. tin of water. These were for daily use while travelling, and were filled nightly from our 4 gal. reserve. We did not have much time for sightseeing in Kano, but we did get to church, and Mr. Oliver took us into the city proper and up on top of a large hill, where we could overlook the whole countryside, and see the 15 miles of city walls. We looked down on to a

scene which was another Africa to us, so Eastern in nearly every way.

The S.A.T.T. (Societe Algerienne des Transportes Tropicaux) arrangements were somewhat upset due to the fact that two-thirds of their personnel had been mobilized. The bus, however, finally came right to Kano, in fact to the door. We were fortunate? We got away at 4 a.m. on May 13th. The bus is heavy, well sprung, and very comfortable. It is streamlined, and with the engine set inside. It carried six ordinary and four pullman passengers. We were all three fortunate enough to get pullman seats. The fourth was occupied by a French officer on his way to the war. The top and back of the bus is for petrol, water, baggage and mail. At one time, though, we had about 14 Algerian soldiers on top, and they drank all our reserve of water.

Travelling on the Nigerian roads in the heavy bus was fun, but when we got to French West African roads it was a different story. These were rough, stony and badly cut up by heavy lorries which were running between Zinder and Agades. The weather was hot in Kano, but in Zinder it was almost unbelievable. The most trying part to us, though, was not the heat so much as the glare of the sand. We had to report to the police with our passports, and by doing so we passed by the Fort mentioned in Beau Geste. We did not stay long in Zinder, for which we were thankful, but started out for our first bivouac at Tanout. The road was bad, and the sand loose in many places. We got stuck several times and had a blow-out, and finally got to Tanout at 10 p.m. The catering had been discontinued, but a very dirty cook had a bit of suspicious looking "chop" which he had cooked in a very undesirable looking corner of the compound. We decided to "kill" tins. We ate but little, and turned in with our clothes on, in the beds which were lined up in the open courtyard. It was a good idea to have them outside, for inside it was like a bake-shop.

Back to Old Testament

We soon lost consciousness, for we were tired out. From 3 a.m. till 11 p.m. is a long day, especially travelling over those rough roads in that heat. We were up again at 3 a.m. and started out about 4 a.m. after a cup of murky coffee, over what we were warned were "the world's worst roads." The road was bad and sandy, and we had to stop often to cool the engine. We drank frequently from our supply of liquids. All signs of farming had now disappeared, and we travelled through thorn-bush and scattered bunch grass. There were an amazing number of cattle, sheep, goats and camels about, and a few horses. They all seemed to be parked around the wells waiting for a drink of the heavily magnesium charged water. The order of the herds was most remarkable, and as we watched the veiled Touaregs busily pulling up the previous water in skin bags for the thirsty animals, our thoughts went back to early Old Testament times. Some wells seemed to be much more highly organized than others, and the lifting of the water done by animals instead of men. They worked from all four sides, and as one skin bag was being lowered another would be coming up, pulled by a rope which passed over a roller attached to the end of a forked stick set firmly in the ground, and was then fastened around the body of a donkey or an ox. The donkey or ox, ridden by a very small boy, would be walked out to the full length of the rope and then brought back again. In this way a constant supply of water was brought up to the troughs. There appeared to be a perfect organization, which was sometimes watched over by a strapping Touareg, seated in a highly decorated saddle, mounted on a fine camel, and brandishing a long, very effective looking sword.

We usually stopped at the wells for water, and quite often the herders would bring a not too clean pot of camel's milk to us. At first I declined, but later yielded to temptation, and drank deeply of the precious wet fluid. Anything wet looked good in that parched land and baking atmosphere. Actually we thought the camel's milk resembled rather thin cow's milk.

Heat Terrific

At 6 p.m. we arrived at the quaint ancient town of Agades, with its towering minaret and its flat topped mud houses. We were delighted to find a hotel operated by an amiable Swiss chap, who speaks English. Here we were to rest for one day. We were shown to our room, and as

we went in the hot air struck us, and everything in the room was hot. The bedding felt as if it had just been ironed. I had a small photography thermometer with me, and when we went to bed it registered 98 degrees F. When we got up in the morning it was 94 degrees, but in spite of the heat we had slept soundly, for we were tired. Shower baths helped to refresh us considerably, too. We did not get up very early, and when we did there was a great deal of commotion outside our window (shutter). On looking out we found about 30 camels being loaded with goods to be taken out to distant desert posts.

Mirages On Desert

Next morning we were up at 3 o'clock again and off on the journey by 4 o'clock. The roads were a bit better now, but the country growing more desolate. The thorn-bush had finished and the bunch grass grown patchy. What grass there was, was the colour of straw, a bright, deep yellow. There were a few wells here and there with animals around them waiting for their drink. We had lunch in a doorless mud hut near a well. The mud had probably been taken from the well; I don't know where else they would get it, for all around was sand and stones. After lunch we passed a peculiar hill where groups of Touaregs were digging a drab coloured mud said to contain a certain amount of potassium salt. Cargoes of this dried mud were being loaded on to donkeys and camels, to be transported to other parts. It was a desolate looking spot. We got lost for a few minutes and had to circle round and come back to the diggers and ask where the trail was. It had become completely obliterated by drifting sand. Very soon beacons appeared, and these, in the form of piles of loose stones, drums or cement blocks, guided us on our endless miles of sandy and stony wilderness. All grass now disappeared, and its place was taken for a while by sage bush, but this soon dwindled out too, and we had nothing but intermittent sand and gravel to look at. What a place! As we bumped along the driver suddenly waved his arm and said, "Somewhere here is where Mrs. Knight and her companion died." No wonder. Who could get to safety if lost in that hopeless place? On and on we went, ever driving toward the horizon, which simply receded and seemed to mock us. The air in the bus was now 110 degrees, and we drank frequently. Mirages began to appear, but the beautiful blue lakes, fringed with

stately trees, which had driven some weary travellers to desperation, were never reached, and we were devoutly thankful that we had an adequate water supply and a 50 gallon emergency tank as well. After careful examination of the mirages, we found the blue lakes to be merely the effect of the blue heat, haze, and the trees nothing more than little isolated straggling bushes, which fought for their existence here and there, strangely magnified by the peculiar air. They ever appeared and tantalizingly vanished as we began to get near to them. How we longed for a bathe in those enticing and fairy-like lakes, but they were simply mocking us, for they did not exist at all. We travelled on and on. Not a sign of life or habitation for miles after mile, tens of miles after tens of miles, but here and there were the white and bleaching bones of some unfortunate camel, and one wondered "What of the driver?" Darkness came, and the countryside became more forbidding and hilly than ever, but the moon came up and it looked so friendly out there, so far, it seemed, from everywhere. We had to climb over ridges now, and the driver was running in second and low gear a lot. Finally, after many narrow escapes from soft spots, we got into one and stuck. The driver was very tired, so we all got out and helped get the ladders off the back, which were used for tracks to get out on. After laying the tracks several times we got to the top of the ridge, and off we went again. About 9 p.m. we reached the In Guazzam Rest House, where one lone French wireless operator lives with one Arab servant. We had to use our own food again, and we decided on biscuits, a tin of tomato soup and a tin of peaches. Soups and fruit are the things for the desert, not meat and fish. This fort-type compound set isolated in the desert with its airfield outside, is most attractive. Inside the four walls are comfortable rooms, and in the centre of the courtyard is a well and one large Casuarina tree. What a treat to see a bit of green in this great yellow waste! The beds were all in the yard again, and we were not long out of them. The moon was very high and bright, and the French passengers kindly insisted that we should take the shade thrown by that one lively tree. How we slept!

There did not seem to be much rush the next morning, for the Rest Housekeeper, radio operator-weather observer chap was closing down for the season and going along with us, on this last journey of the bus, to the next fort. We made a leisurely breakfast of Roman meal, Vita wheat biscuits, marmalade, coffee and an orange. The skins of the oranges by this time were like leather, but the pulp was most refreshing. We got started about 9:30 a.m., and ran along through the same desolate country, but the trail was worse now,

as there had been a lot of drifting sand. At times we were about a quarter of a mile from the beacons, picking our way here and there where the going looked to be a bit better. We got stuck about 20 times. In the afternoon we began to get into the dark, forbidding Hoggar Mountain country, in the heart of which lies the next stop.

The sand began to diminish somewhat as we began to climb, and the road, although rough, became firmer. We had lost a lot of time in the loose sand, and now, although still some 150 kilometres from our destination, it was getting dark. We stopped and had a bit of food, and then on we went again, slowly now, for we were climbing and twisting between rocks a good deal, although at times we met our familiar sand. On and on we went until about 11 p.m., when the driver, thoroughly exhausted, stopped and said, "What about a little rest?" We all agreed, and laid ourselves around in various places on the sand, and went to sleep until 4 o'clock. Then we got up and went off again. The mountains, although still dark and bare, did not look so inhospitable in the morning sunlight, and we enjoyed the changed scenery. We arrived at the well watered Port of Taman-rasset about 9 o'clock, and the keeper of the pension and his wife hurried around and got us lovely coffee, new bread and some delicious meat, which we ate in their garden, sitting under a fig tree in full fruit. After breakfast we got shower baths and some rest.

Desert Fruit

What a difference water makes! Here in the very heart of the sun-baked desert, springs of water had turned the wilderness into veritable Garden of Eden. Figs and apricots in full fruit, lovely flowers in the gardens, a vegetable salad of tomatoes, radishes, lettuce and beets on the table for lunch, and rows of trees interplanted with flower beds in the streets.

In the afternoon we had to report to the police once more and have another stamp put on our passport. On the way we met some members of the French Camel Corps just in from their desert policing. There is not an enviable job, and by looking at these men and others whom we saw, I shall be surprised if Mussolini takes the French African Colonies. Here is a very large fort, and we heard shooting practice going on. In the main street is a monument to Fr. Faucauld, the French soldier-priest, who was assassinated during a desert uprising some years ago. It was here, too, that we met an English lady, a doctor of Edinburgh University, who is living absolutely alone in a little mud hut, and spending her whole time working on the Touareg language.

This brief stay in Tamanrasset was most refreshing, and next morning

at 5 o'clock we set out again. The going was much the same at first, then we ran down out of the hills and came to more sand, and the going was slow, but in the early afternoon we started into more hills, this time running along gullies rather than climbing. About 6 p.m. we came into a regular gorge, and suddenly we left the track and turned into a most picturesque little Fort-Hotel at the base of a precipice. This was Arak. We quickly got out our "chop" boxes, and with the help of a can opener had supper ready in the twinkling of an eye. After supper we rested a bit in the courtyard, and the big moon came up over the top of the cliff which towered above us, and when a Swiss lad, a passenger, pulled out his portable gramophone and started to play records, we thought of scenes in Colorado or New Mexico. The driver announced, "We have a hard bit ahead. A long sand plain, and at midday it is about insufferable. Are you game to push on till midnight, and sleep on the sand, so we can get over the bad bit before it gets too hot?" We all agreed, so off we went, and about midnight we stopped to sleep. It was higher here and cooler, and, after the heat, we felt it, but a kind passenger lent us a camel hair blanket, and we slept comfortably under the stars and a big white moon.

We got up at 4:20 a.m., stretched ourselves, and pushed on. The thermometer had dropped to 76 degrees, and we put on our sweaters. We got stuck climbing up on to the high sand plain, but were not delayed too long, then started out across this great waste. I estimated it to be about 100 miles across, as flat as a pancake except for drifts of new sand, which made it look like a grey sea with bright yellow waves on it. These waves, which fortunately were not real, varied in height from a few inches to several feet, and were from a few feet to many yards long. We picked our way cautiously among the waves, wandering here and there, but keeping our eyes all the while on the line of beacons. Suddenly, in the distance we saw something. We watched it grow and grow until we distinguished palm trees and a minaret towering above them. It was a long time before we reached the spot, however, and when we did we were

in our first "sure enough" oasis. It was the Fort of In Salah. The heat by this time was terrific and the glare awful. We were glad to get within the thick walls of the hotel, and did not venture out again until toward evening. Even then, at 6 p.m., the temperature in the shade was 95 degrees. We presented ourselves to the police, but did not more that day.

We laid over here for a day, so we had time to rest and get cleaned up a bit, but we did not go out till evening, for it was intensely hot. The hotel was on the side of the little town, and we could not get over the strangeness of the view from the windows. The curtains we kept down most of the time to help keep the heat out, but when they were back all one could see was a vast stretch of yellow sand with a recent drift halfway up the window.

Blooming Oasis

Towards evening we went for a walk down to the oasis proper, about one-quarter of a mile away. The going was not good. Pearl got sand in her shoes, and had the skin off her toe in a few steps. We climbed a huge sand dune near the oasis, and found that on the windward side the sand was packed hard and would bear one's weight, but on the lee side it was soft and floury, and we went in up to our knees. Down in the oasis were the date palms and beds of onions, wheat, cabbages, etc. There were not just a few palms scattered around the edge of a small lake; there were acres and acres of palms and no lake at all. There was a stream of water coming from a spring which was used for irrigation, but it was so salty that it gave the oasis the smell of the sea, and where the water evaporated it left behind a white deposit of salt. I was surprised that any crop would stand such a salt concentration. We were disappointed that it was not the date season, for we are both very fond of them.

We were up at 3 the next morning, and after bread and coffee, off again in the bright moonlight. The road continued sandy for a bit, then we came to a sharp climb up a high escarpment on to a part of the high desert. It was another plain, as flat

(Continued on Page 7)

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Graduate Travels

(Continued from Page 6)

as the other we had recently crossed, but gravel this time instead of sand. I estimated the width of this bare, stony plain to be about 150 miles. After crossing this pancake plateau, we descended into a valley, passed a well where a few camels were being watered, climbed out of the valley again, and had lunch within the thick stone walls of Fort Miribel. We were astonished at the coolness of the interior of this place, set there unprotected in the dazzling desert. We enjoyed this cool spot, and lingered for an hour or so before setting out for the next stop. After a while we dropped into what appeared to be an ancient lake-bed, and we drove along that for a long time and turned up an arm of the depression, and came to the next stopping place, the oasis of El Golea. El Golea is really more than an oasis; it is a series of oases fed and sustained by a number of marvellous artesian wells. I had seen artesian wells before, but never so many in

one place and with such a magnificent flow of water. The breeze was lovely and cool here, and the little hotel very comfortable, so we settled in quite happily to spend the day stop-over. We had to report to the police again, so we did that early the next morning. In the afternoon we walked around the place, saw and wondered at the fruit trees and the gardens, and were amazed to find a fair-sized lake. We did not indulge in a swim, for we were warned beforehand that the water was cold. Just across from the lake was a large flying field, but this was nothing new to us now, for each fort has its flying field, and there are dozens of emergency landing fields all along the way. It was here we met a retired French army captain and his wife, who spoke English very well. They had spent some years in the United States, and now appeared to be globe-trotters. They had an international truck and a large trailer, and were planning to cross the desert, but as the rains had started on the other side they decided to wait until they had finished, which meant until November.

We were very disappointed in the evening to hear that the new bus

from the north had not arrived, and we would have to wait over a day. There was nothing we could do about it, so we decided to settle down and rest, for we found ourselves like all the others getting very tired. Once more we visited the police and got their signature.

The bus from the north finally arrived, and we set out again at 5 o'clock in this larger and more luxurious bus. We were sorry to part with the other one, though, for it had become a part of us on the journey. About 100 kilometres out we met the first car we had seen on the road since we left Agades, a distance of about 1,500 miles. The roads were harder now, but rough. Patches of bunch grass now appeared here and there for a while, but they did not last long, and we lapsed into the same old gravel and sand. About noon we arrived at the large town of Laghouat and had lunch in a "posh" hotel, where we felt a bit out of place in our desert garb. There were at least 20 French military officers, some of quite high rank, dining at the hotel. Out on the desert one tended to forget about the war, but at each stopping place it was brought home to us again by the sight of so many uniforms. After lunch we ran out of the town into broad plains again, but in the distance we could see hills that looked larger than ever. Now the bunch grass began again in wide areas, and camels and goats and sheep appeared again, and squat black Touareg encampments were dotted all over the countryside. Why the encampments were made of black camel cloth, and why they were so low in this great heat, we could not understand.

Green Fields Again

Toward late afternoon we began to get into a bit of civilization. We came to the head of a little narrow-gauge railway, and began to follow it, so every few kilometres we came to a little settlement or to a solitary railway station. The railway looked to be well maintained and the buildings in good repair. There were evidences of rainfall here, and there were farm implements about and ploughing going on. At a number of points we saw huge stacks of baled fodder, which had undoubtedly been the source of supply for the two or three twenty-ton lorry loads we had met going into the interior. The hills now began to draw closer, and to grow in size, and we guessed them to be the foothills of the Atlas Mountains. The bus had speeded up considerably, and at times we were dashing along at a good rate. Just before sunset we began to climb into the foothills, and into one of the prettiest bits of country we have ever seen. Fresh, green, growing grain, ripening grain, ploughed fields and pastures, all over the hills from the valleys to the hilltops gave the countryside a beautiful patchwork effect. The driver was in a great hurry, for we had many kilometres to go to get to our stopping place, but we were held up constantly by large flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cattle being driven along the roads from the pastures to the farms. What a wonderful sight it was to see again the lovely farmsteads, the flocks of well kept stock, and the growing crops. What a contrast to that barren and fiery desert we had just crossed! We sped through town and village, up hill and down dale, and around perilous corners, and about 9 p.m. stopped in the town of Berrouaghia. We had been on the road from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m., and the starting time for the morning was announced as 5 o'clock, so we did not lose much time in getting to bed.

Four o'clock came early, but we had slept soundly in the marvellous cool air of the hills. It was cool as we started out, and coats were on backs rather than racks. No one attempted to doze this morning, for we were going through a veritable wonderland of beauty. Orderly vineyards, grain fields, orchards and pastures, jostled each other up and down the steep hillsides for miles after miles, and until the country became really precipitous did they falter and finally, reluctantly it seemed, give way to forests of evergreens.

Over the Top

We had crossed the "top" now, so far as the road was concerned, for it seemed that when it saw a choice between the rugged mountain ridge and a tortuous, yawning canyon, it chose the lower but none-the-less beautiful route. The road is a great credit to French engineering skill. It twists and turns in a snakelike fashion so quickly that one passenger closed his eyes and clung to his seat. It went down, down, down. The canyon got narrower and narrower until there was just space for the small river to squeeze through, and the road had to be blasted out of the hard rock at the side. Here little streams of water that fell headlong in their attempt to get into the river splashed us as we went by. We saw two big brown monkeys basking in the morning sun. They seemed quite unperturbed, sitting on their perilous ledges below the road. Suddenly, almost like emerging from a tunnel, we were in the flat, beautiful farmland of Northern Algeria, a place which we hope to visit again some day. Here we found hay and grain being cut and stacked, grapes well grown in their orderly rows, placid cows in peaceful pastures and a blue haze over all. The only disturbance came in the roar of aero-

plants from a nearby aerodrome, and suddenly one remembered—there's a war on. This thought was to be kept constantly in our minds now. Very soon we came to a road closed to all but military vehicles. A little later we were stopped by a guard, and our military passengers had to show their travel permits. By 9 a.m. we were in the fine city of Algiers, and here again was evidence of a war, for uniforms abounded in the streets, and a good section of the French fleet lay in the harbour.

Algiers is a much finer place than we expected from what we had heard. We did not get enough of it to like it. We had not been able to get much news along the way, apart from rumours and extracts from communiqués, so we headed for the British Consulate just as soon as we had baths and got into some respectable "togs". At the Consulate they gave us some news, with their customary reserve, and suggested that, if we intended to go on, it would be just as well to go as soon as possible. There was no boat in, and the company would not, or could not, tell when there would be one. The Bishop, therefore, decided to overcome a lifelong prejudice against flying, and try it. We decided to take a chance on a boat. If we absolutely failed to get out of Algeria we felt, well, there's a road to the south, and if the worst comes to the worst, a camel beats walking any day. We went to Thos. Cook's and booked our passages to Paris, and waited for developments. In three days' time we got a boat; were finally told the hour of embarkation, and after an appropriate delay, set sail. It was a lovely day, and we felt quite safe, for I had counted no less than six destroyers running out farwise in front of us, and in the afternoon a plane came and flew twice round us. I suppose extra precautions were taken, for we had a good many troops on board.

Towards evening the swell increased, and the boat, a rather small one, began to pitch a good bit. We went to bed thinking we'll be all right lying down, and it will probably be calm in the morning. But we guessed wrong. The pitching increased, and was augmented by rolling and shivering and a great creaking. I was disgusted with the boat for acting up so without cause. We are both quite good sailors, but we had a miserable night. In the morning Pearl was sick, and we decided to stay put. I thought I would be brave and make a dash for it. I got to the deck and found I had condemned the poor boat quite unjustly. There was a big storm on, and the heavy seas were breaking over the bows, and even the upper deck was swept with spray. Two other passengers showed up, and made their way to shelter by clinging to the inner railing. I stuck it for a bit, but finally succumbed and miserably went back to the cabin and to my bunk. There we both stayed until we were near Marseilles, and when we did get up the wind was still blowing and the sea, even in the bay, quite choppy. At Marseilles the boat made a double turn before it got into dock, and went very cautiously because of the wind.

Miracle of Dunkirk

We mention this storm particularly because this was on Thursday and Friday, May 30th and 31st, and the wind was still high in the Rhone Valley the next day, June 1st. These were the days, you will remember, of the evacuation from Dunkirk, when there was an abnormal calm on the Channel which allowed small craft and vessels which had been holed by shells to sail without mishap. Was it a coincidence or an answer to the prayers of the nation which surrounded that marvellous Dunkirk episode?

Things were serious enough now to cause us to abandon our long planned stay in Marseilles. We did not land until 3:30 p.m., which was 3 hours late on a 25-hour journey, so we did not have much time left at our disposal that day. The first thing we did was to ask for a good cup of tea and toast, which fortunately the Hotel de Genevre was accustomed to this request, and we got it without any trouble. After tea we took a taxi, and told the old man who was driving to show us the city, at the same time setting a limit on the cost. The old chap did very well, and we did get to see a good deal of the city. He took us to the top of a very high hill where we were able to get out and look over the whole city and its suburbs and right out over the Gulf of Lyons. We felt as we looked around, this place is worth knowing, we must come back again some day if possible.

Air Raid Sirens

Next morning saw us up and aboard the Paris express by 7:45, and at 8 o'clock we steamed out headed for the great Paris we had heard so much about, but which we had never had an opportunity to visit. The Rhone Valley was delightful, so fresh, so clean-looking. We noticed the remarkably fine orchards, and the cherries were ripe and red. From time to time we remarked upon the number of women and children working in the fields. We were not surprised, though, for we had seen so many men in uniform. At noon we came into a town and stopped at the station, and heard sirens going. No one on the train seemed to be

alarmed, and we could speak no French, so we could ask nothing; so we sat tight. We stopped for about 40 minutes and then went on again. We went only a few miles, however, and then stopped again, this time at a small junction. We were then shunted and taken across the Rhone and up a track I noticed immediately was not the main track. We ran on for a while and then stopped again under some tall trees. Before long three trains had congregated, but still we could find out nothing. After an hour or so on we went, and when we came back to the main line some miles further on, we ran into a station which had been hit by two bombs, and when we met a man who spoke English he told us that the main line over which we should have passed had been badly bombed and that 80 people in one shelter had been killed by a direct hit. We felt very fortunate. We went on again, and about 6 o'clock came to Lyons. Here we saw swarms of Belgian refugees crowding the station. We shall never forget one poor woman and a girl of about 12 years. They were evidently mother and daughter. They were respectfully dressed, and they clung to each other and to a small bag and two fair-sized pieces of bread. They stood at the exit watching the people coming from the trains. They both showed signs of crying, and there was some sorrow and anxiety written on those two faces than in any we have seen for a long, long time.

We made up a bit of the lost time between Lyons and Paris, and drew into the station at 1 a.m., just three hours late. After some persistence and a good deal of commotion, I finally got our baggage, which had been taken to a basement storehouse. In the meantime Pearl had almost come to blows with a taxi driver who had persisted in his attempts to carry our suitcases off to his cab. We finally got out of the deserted and locked station by a small side door, took a taxi and got to a hotel, and finally rolled into comfortable beds at 3 a.m.

In spite of the fact that we were so late (or so early) to bed, I got up at 7 o'clock and went out to make enquiries re the possibility of getting to England. I tramped around a good deal, and was thoroughly assured that there were no sailings, as all boats had gone to Dunkirk, and furthermore, there was no knowledge as to when sailings would be resumed. We had our coffee and rolls, and went to church. After the service we chatted with the minister and a few people, and all advised us to fly. After due consideration, we calculated that the cost would be no greater than boat fare plus hotel bills for an indefinite period. We phoned Air France, and were fortunate (?) enough to get two seats for the next day.

Airport Bombed

Next morning, Monday, we went out in good time to see the shops, but to our disappointment we found that all the large Paris shops do not open on Monday till about 2 p.m., so we went back to the hotel, got our things together, had a light lunch, and went to the Air France offices and weighed-in. After a considerable time, about 30 of us were packed into a fine large bus and driven out to Le Bourget airport. Here we had a further delay for customs, etc., and at about 1 o'clock the plane was finally towed up, the baggage wheeled out, and loading began. The work had hardly got well under way when off went the sirens again. In the city we saw the people scampering to shelter. At the airport, however, no one moved for a while, until suddenly the siren on the airport went, and then we were taken to an underground shelter. We had little more than got below and taken a look round when the ground began to tremble and distant roars could be heard. Everyone was tense, but none hysterical, and the crew were calm and reassuring. Lanterns and spades were ready and electric torches examined. The tremors became stronger and stronger, and the roars louder and louder as the bombs fell closer to us. Suddenly there was the most terrific crash right around our ears. The whole cellar was filled with dust, and we felt ourselves crushed over to one side as if by the grip of a powerful unseen hand. Cement and stone fragments had flown in among us, the electric light bulbs had been shattered, and when we checked up with torches in the dust-laden atmosphere, we found one man close to us had been thrown down, and an employee of the company had been knocked over and hit in the chest and badly wounded. A bomb had burst about 30 feet away from us, and fortunately it had struck in solid concrete and had not come through into the room where we were.

People ask, "What did you feel like and what did you do?" Well, it is hard to explain one's feelings. One lady fainted, and I think the rest of us felt cold and unnerved as we waited for another hour and heard the occasional rumblings. As to what one does, well, one appears to "just do". No preconceived notion of what one will do help out. I am sure I cringed as the impact of the explosion forced me over, and Pearl did no more. No one screamed. After it was over we got up and walked around and thanked God, in our hearts, it was not a direct hit.

After an hour or so we heard the all clear, and with sighs of relief we filed up the stairway. What a sight met our eyes! That lovely, modern airport, with its thousands of windows all shattered, every one of them, its marble and polished granite cracked, chipped and gouged, partitions down, tables upset, frames twisted, petrol on fire, planes and cars damaged, and the runway pocked with craters. Five bombs had struck around our plane, but not one hit it. Altogether, I judge 25 to 30 bombs had fallen within 100 yards of us, and many more around. Many houses in the vicinity were wrecked and burning, and many people had been killed and injured. We had a marvellous escape, and praise God for it.

We were now taken back into the city and told that we must wait three days for another plane. We were not thrilled with this news, but decided that what could not be remedied must be endured. We did not get around Paris a great deal, but one day we did "blow" ourselves to a taxi to take us around the principal parts. We liked Paris very much, and some day, when the Germans are driven out, we hope to return and purchase the dress we omitted to buy this time.

On Thursday morning we went back to Air France headquarters again, but without much enthusiasm. We were re-weighed and put in the bus and taken this time to Versailles, several miles to the south of the city. This arrangement was clearly an improvisation, but we got away at 10:15 a.m. without further mishap. It was a lovely warm, sunny morning, but very hazy, so we flew low. So low, in fact, that Pearl was sure the wingtip was going to take the steeple off the Versailles church as we circled over it taking off. Our route was a secret, but I guessed it pretty well by watching the shadow cast on the wing by what appeared to be a little oil indicator. As near as I can judge by that shadow and by what we saw below, we flew north-westerly nearly to Cherbourg, turned north across the Channel and into England, and then nearly east to London. As I have said, it was a lovely morning, and I think we would have enjoyed the trip had it not been for the fact that we knew we were a prey for any German plane which might hap-

pen to spot us. The journey was uneventful, though, but I am willing to admit that I got quite a start when suddenly, for no apparent reason, our pilot took a sharp turn up and around. I strained my neck looking round, but saw nothing, and so settled down again. We were both glad, though, when it was all over, and we stepped out on to English soil at Heston.

We are now in war-time England. France has collapsed, and the storm clouds grow black and spread further and further over this poor old world. Just what the future holds for us we do not know. The work we were engaged in its vital to the future development of the African in E. Nigeria, but the Board has been obliged to say, "No sailings for the present, and future plans will be decided later." We have been wanting to do something to help the national effort, but the very uncertainty of our position makes it a bit difficult. When the appeal for people with travel experience to accompany children being evacuated to the Dominions was broadcast, however, we felt our opportunity had come, and so with the consent of the Society we have volunteered. We are not quite certain yet of being accepted, and if we are, we do not know where we shall be sent, so our future movements are quite unknown.

Hoping to hear from you, and with all good wishes and prayers that you may receive spiritual fortitude during these days of testing, and possible sacrifice and privation.

Yours sincerely,
KENNETH AND PEARL PRIOR.

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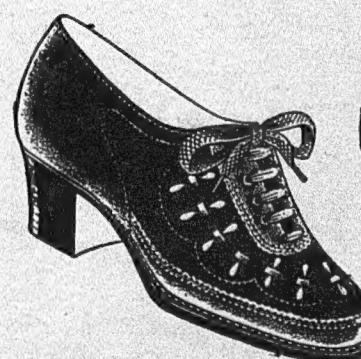
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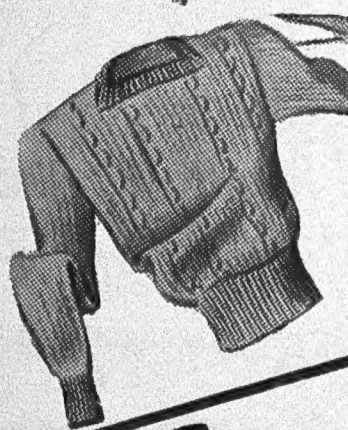
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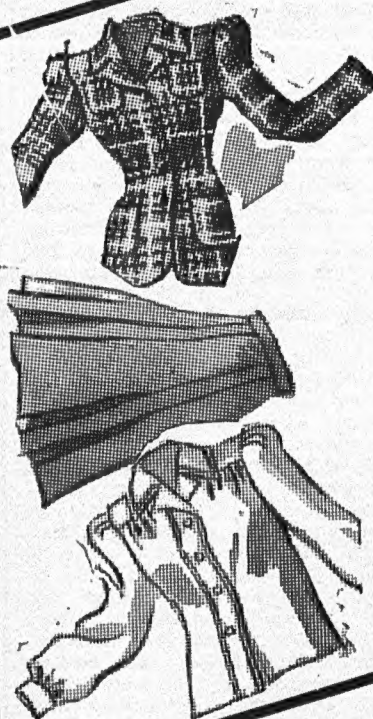
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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

Alberta To Continue In Inter-Collegiate Sport Council Meeting Decides

Letter Asking National Universities Conference Rescind Decision Drafted

PRESIDENT FIRM

Word was received Friday by the president of the Students' Union that the university authorities had promised that a rink would be built for use this winter.

Unanimously passing a motion that the University of Alberta continue in intercollegiate sport competition in a modified form, Students' Council held their first meeting of the year Thursday evening in St. Joe's Library. After the question had been fully discussed, a statement was drawn up explaining Council's action.

It was recognized that the resolution abolishing intercollegiate competition had been passed unanimously by the National Universities Conference held in Ottawa July 5, at the University of Alberta was duly represented, yet it was felt that circumstances pertaining to the conference perhaps might be sufficient to bring about a modification of the ruling on the part of the University authorities. These circumstances were the apparent haste with which the conference convened; the disregard of Student and Athletic Unions about the matter; the fact that the motion was sponsored by the eastern universities where the intercollegiate sports programme is more intensive than among the western universities; the attitude of the Department of National Defence, which does not appear opposed to the continuation; the attitude of the authorities of the University of Saskatchewan, and to a lesser degree the University of Manitoba, who have expressed their desire to continue; the attitude of the English universities in continuing competition despite much greater difficulties and hardships; the fact that the U. of A. is sponsoring a rugby team, for which we are appreciative, and consequently there would be no added practice time taken in playing a home and home series with Saskatchewan.

"Pearls Before Swine" Topic At Student Sunday Service

Rev. R. McElroy Thompson conducted the first Student Christian Movement Sunday morning service of the season, and welcomed the Freshman students, last Sunday morning in Convocation Hall. Rev. Thompson is minister at the Metropolitan United Church in Edmonton.

Professor L. H. Nichols played the Convocation organ for the service, and Marian Nancekivell, of the University Philharmonic Society, was a featured soloist.

"Pearls Before Swine" was the topic chosen by Rev. Thompson for his address. He strongly warned against the wasting of man's abilities in performing unworthy deeds. Our need today, he said, was to attain a greater self-respect and to place a higher valuation on ourselves.

Students in particular should be careful not to waste one moment of their golden hours at University, and above all should not be content to throw away the pearls of an education for the swinish things of life, the minister declared.

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HOME AGAIN



Morris Shumiatcher, law student, is back on the campus after a trip to Japan as guest of the Japanese government.

IN FRANCE



Eleanor Aiello, graduate '39, who was teaching English in a girls' school in unoccupied France when last heard from. Bad communications have made it impossible to get in touch with her recently.

MALONE HEARS PREMIER WHILE CIRCLING GLOBE AS REPORTER

"You don't have to go to big cities or far from home to be happy in your work. Here in the West opportunities are available, relatively, for choosing one's life work and for the enjoyment of as high a standard of living as in any part of the world," is the opinion of Mr. Paul Malone, recently returned from abroad.

Mr. Malone, Edmonton Journal staff reporter, and former Gateway Sports Editor and writer, has been attached to British and Australian newspapers for the past 22 months under the British Empire Press Union Exchange Scheme.

Leaving here in November, 1938, the reporter was attached to the Yorkshire Evening News, Leeds, for three months, where one of his assignments he interviewed Neville Chamberlain, then Prime Minister. This was shortly after the Munich agreement had been signed.

Mr. Malone visited in Edinburgh for a short time, and was associated with the Edinburgh Evening News.

From Edinburgh he went to London, where for five months he did general reporting for the Times. Here he did several special "jobs". He made a crossing to Ireland on the inauguration of a new steamer service from England, and did a number of assignments with the R.A.F., being on the flight which welcomed the King and Queen on their return from their Canadian visit.

While with the Times he attended House of Commons debates, and heard Winston Churchill speak. A sort of epigram was current regarding him. People said, "Churchill is so brilliant that no one, including himself, knows whether he is serious or not." Since Churchill as Prime Minister took over conduct of the war, this attitude is changed entirely, Mr. Malone emphasized.

"All the time I was in the Old Country," said Mr. Malone, "I worked very hard; every day except Sunday in fact. But I found time to spend a week-end at Oxford, in the company of Rhodes scholars from Alberta."

He dined frequently with newspapermen from all parts of the world. At that time all expressed confidence there would be no war. When Britain guaranteed Poland, however, Patrick Duncan, son of the governor-general of South Africa, acutely remarked, "That is the end of peace."

In his impressions of Britain, the Westerner thought he felt most strongly the density of population. "England seems so crowded," he said.

In midsummer Mr. Malone was assigned to the Melbourne Argus, and left Britain by Imperial Airways, flying across France, Italy, Greece and the Mediterranean to Alexandria. He spent six weeks in Egypt before leaving by boat for Australia.

He arrived at Melbourne in August, 1939, and there he again

Newman Club Functions Again

Executive of the Newman Club of the University of Alberta announces plans for the forthcoming year with the first function scheduled for Sunday, October 6. This will be the first of a series of Communion breakfasts. Executive elections will also be a feature of the first meeting.

The Newman Club is a Catholic club of Catholic culture and Catholic fellowship that endeavors to foster the spiritual, intellectual and social interests of Catholic students of the University of Alberta.

Regular membership is open to all Catholic students, men and women, of the University of Alberta. Last year over 75 active members followed the program of study groups and lectures by well-known speakers. In addition, the club held several successful dances and outings.

Brother Azarias of St. Joseph's College is active director and advisor of all club activities.

University Had Very Modest Beginning; Present Yell Featured First Convocation

Thirty-two years ago the University of Alberta opened its doors to the first class. Accommodation had been found in the upper part of the Queen Alexandra School. The student body consisted of about forty-five students, of whom seven were women. The staff included Dr. H. M. Tory, President; Dr. W. H. Alexander, Professor of Classics; Dr. L. H. Alexander, Professor of Modern Languages; Dr. E. K. Broadus, Professor of English; and W. M. Edwards, Professor of Engineering.

This opening was the implementing of action taken by the Legislature of the newly-created Province of Alberta during its first year. In 1906, owing to the vision and foresight of the then Premier and Minister of Education, Hon. A. C. Rutherford, the first University Act was passed, providing for the founding of a provincial university. Since that time, May 9th has been designated as Founder's Day in honor of Dr. Rutherford, our now revered Chancellor, who together with the late Mrs. Rutherford, have on successive anniversaries entertained altogether some thousands of graduates. Owing to the regretted death of Mrs. Rutherford, these happy occasions cannot be repeated, but those who were privileged to take part will always remember the gracious hospitality of the Rutherford home.

There were many who thought the action of the Government was premature. Head shakings became still more frequent and pronounced when in 1908 it was announced that a President had been appointed and that the institution was to begin work. Dr. H. M. Tory was a fortunate choice for the first President. For twenty years his energy and vision gave the needed drive and inspiration to the staff he headed. Then, as now, many difficulties had to be faced, but with this difference. Then one of the imperative needs was to show that the founding of a university was an effort which so young a community should undertake; now the principal problem is to meet the steadily increasing demands for the services it can render.

The original student body was a queerly assorted lot. Three entered with advanced credits covering the work of the first year. These were Mrs. E. T. Mitchell, nee Decima Robinson, A. J. Law and R. H. Dobson. It is to their credit that all of them survived the academic seasons to graduate on time in 1911 and to receive the first earned bachelors' degrees.

The remainder of the class had for the most part matriculation deficiencies of one sort or another. A number were of mature age and had been denied educational ad-

Freshies Unable Vote in Coming Union Election

Only Those Who Voted in Election Last Spring Have Franchise

SINCLAIR RETURNING OFFICER

Two Vacancies Due to Military Services of Milroy and Smith

Call to the colors in response to Canada's intensification of her war efforts has resulted in the creation of vacancies in the Students' Council. By-election to replace Bill Milroy, secretary-elect, and Doug Smith, secretary of Men's Athletics, has been called. Milroy has been appointed officer in charge of training of the University Auxiliary Battalion and Smith has joined the Air Force. Both these men won their seats on the Council by comfortable majorities.

Elections are to be held on Tuesday, October 8, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., according to official notices issued by Bill Sinclair, acting returning officer. According to the Constitution, the secretary of the Union is to act in this capacity for student elections. Council under the circumstances has had to appoint Sinclair, who is Arts Representative.

Nominations must bear signatures of ten members of the Students' Union who qualify under the following resolution passed by Council:

"That the voting lists for the coming by-election shall consist of those members of the Students' Union whose names appear on the lists for the Spring Election of 1940; such members to be enrolled in the University on or before the date of the by-election."

Each nomination sheet must be signed by the nominee to show his acceptance.

Nominations will be received by the returning officer at the Students' Union office, Room 219 Arts Building, on Friday, October 4, from 9 a.m. to 12 noon.

Eligible voters will be advised by public notice of location of polling booths and election regulations.

Public Speakers Plan Activities Coming Season

Opens Forums, Huge Success Last Year, to be Continued

WEEKLY MEETINGS

Held in Conjunction With Debating and Political Science Clubs

First meeting of the Public Speaking Society was held Thursday evening in St. Joe's Library, with a large number of former members and new students in attendance. Betty Ritchie, president, was in the chair.

In past years the society has enjoyed a wide membership, and this year, following a reorganization of the procedure at meetings, the executive forecasts an even greater popularity. Apart from providing an educational program in the way of training students in the art of public speaking, the club last year successfully inaugurated social activities.

Meetings are held weekly in St. Joe's Library, commencing at 7:30 p.m. A competent critic is present regularly, and all efforts made by members are instructively and impartially passed upon.

In conjunction with the Debating Society and the Political Science Club, the Public Speaking Society last year sponsored a very successful Open Forum. It is hoped that this series will be continued.

The executive extends a cordial invitation to both new and former students who are interested in public speaking to visit their meetings.

Green and Gold Capped Freshies Have Gay Week Before Classes

Piloted by Fred Pritchard, the Freshmen sailed through their first week of Varsity with nary a mishap. At first the Freshmen, bewildered by it all, gazed with awe at the sophisticated Sophomores, who appeared utterly unconcerned with it all. By the end of the week the new students had learned to look at a Judicial Junior or a serious Senior without batting an eye.

A tradition at U. of A. are the green and gold caps that mark a Freshman from his fellow-men—green for the Freshie, and gold in good old Alberta spirit. All week the campus simply swarmed with the be-capped novices, as the new students wandered here and there finding out what it was all about.

Wednesday, Brother Ansbert, Rector of St. Joseph's College, entertained at a tea dance for the Freshmen. Green and gold were featured in the decorations, of course, and the theme song proved to be the Varsity Cheer Song.

Every Freshman at one time or another finds that his I.Q. worries him. Thursday afternoon the new students gathered in the amphitheatre to determine their intelligence quotient. Universal were the worried looks that prevailed.

Thursday evening the new students gathered in the Varsity Stadium (the Grid to you) to partake in their first lesson of Varsity songs and cheers. From the residences to the river banks re-echoed the shouts and laughter of the gay crowd, as they grouped around the huge fire.

Friday lectures began. Many were the Freshmen who groaned as they crawled out of bed at an unearthly hour to attend an 8 o'clock lecture. Dazed but happy (they say ignor-

ance is bliss), the Freshmen found at four o'clock it was all over, and the Tuck shops boomed again.

The gentlemen of the Freshman class retired to the gym on Friday evening to partake of a friendly cigar or cigarette, or even a pipe. Of varied interest were the stories and jokes (if one may call them jokes) to the Freshmen.

Saturday the finale of the week was reached at a Mixer Dance in Athabasca Hall. Informality was the keynote of the evening as the Freshmen and the upper classmen (the little men who weren't there) mixed, unmindful of class distinction. Favors for the ladies provided the men with plenty to do. Even a floor show was given to entertain the new class at U. of A. to show that we really appreciate the Freshmen and give them a real welcome to these halls of learning.

Record Registration at U.B.C. In Spite of War Enlistment

VANCOUVER, Sept. 25. — Though many students have joined His Majesty's forces in active service, the 1940 enrolment at the University of British Columbia was the largest since it was founded twenty-five years ago during the second year of World War I. Unofficial estimates place the number of freshmen registered this year at 700, more than 200 in excess of the 1939 record of 561, and the total enrolment at over 2,600.

"You've left something behind."

"What?"

"Your footprints."

"Don't want them. They're dirty."

GATEWAY ORGANIZATION MEETING

Thursday, October 10, Arts 148

All those who have already been listed as reporters, and any others who are interested, are asked to attend. You don't have to be Pulitzer Award Winners.

All you need is lots of interest and initiative, coupled with a slight writing ability. The Editor will outline the work, and cokes will be served. Remember!

THURSDAY NEXT—ARTS 148

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The Black Sheep

I knew a kid who went to war—
A good-for-nothin', harum scarum
chap;
He'd sponged and bummed and loafed
to make you sore,
While owin' every man upon the
map.

His folks all said he'd go to jail, they
guessed;
He seemed the Black Sheep of the
whole shebang;
His crimes weren't bad, but just that
pesky sort,
Too big to clear him—not enough
to hang.

And yet through all his cussedness
there ran
A streak of something wonderfully
white;
He had the makin' of a better man
Than half the chaps who couldn't
bear his sight.

Then when he joined and went away
to war,
The jokes that passed were cruel—
like and grim;
Some said he'd get his needin's at
the front—
Some hoped that it would make a
man of him.

And when the list of "missing" bore
his name
They winked and smirked and said
he'd run away;
But one there was who pleaded in
his shame—
His Mother waits the story of the
fray!

It came at last. The very earth it
said
Was ripped and riven by the
screaming shell—
And there . . . between the lines . . .
they found him . . . dead!
He'd stopped . . . to drag a Comrade
from that hell!

Oh, who sit so smugly in our ease,
Who preen our feathers in a prudish
way!
Who call our crimes by softer names
than his—
What gift do we, beside his Great
Gift, lay?

BERT HUFFMAN.

Delburne, Nov. 18, 1939.

Much Ado About Nothing

By QUEENA WERSHOF

Hello and greetings to "U" all—
initiated as well as ye strangers
within our gates. May your coming-
in and goings-on be thrice blessed,
so that September, December and
April next be equally devoid of re-
grets, and "chucked-full" of realiza-
tion.

You can't just satisfy some people.
Heard a freshe saying disconsolately,
"Gee, wish I didn't have to wear this
cap." A few minutes later in Tuck
head a soph mutter, "Gosh, I wish I
had a freshman cap"—and life goes
on merrily.

Just read of a service in the States
which keeps you posted on the birth-
days and anniversaries of your fami-
lies and friends. Sounds like a good
idea for some enterprising person on
our campus.

Which brings us to that old, old
question of a dating bureau on the
subject this year. Still, if other
universities are doing it—

Just 50 years ago the perfect safety
pin appeared in the advertising
pages. Time marches on.

The debate concerning Dutch
Treats is still waxing hot. Opinions
are many and varied. Here are a
few:

Yes: Going Dutch double the fun
by divvying the cost. You can go
more places. Boys will dare to date
often.

Yes: Girls won't sit back and wait
to be asked. They'll do their share
since they're sharing the wealth.

Yes: If the boys are too shy to
ask, you can make dates yourself,
since you're willing to buy your
own ticket.

Yes: Because girls won't feel they
"owe" their dates anything—no obli-
gations, no excuses, no struggles, no
strain. (Do I hear any remarks?)

No: It spoils all the thrill. Stewing
over the check puts the damper on
everyone's party. Girls can be so
flustered adding up sums.

No: Girls have to spend their date
money on jars and bottles and things
—in order to get a date. (Oh!)
Some girls see red on the subject—
it's the color of their bank account
after a Dutch Treat.

No: Because boys love to run the
whole show and be it. If everyone
is head man, no one is happy. It's
all too pallid and platonic. You
have no hero to call your own and
they have no one to take care of,
no chance to be needed.

No: This is a man's world, no mat-
ter how you feel about it. And boys
still have the primitive urge to go
out and knock down a bear and
haul it home to the she-mate. The
least we can do to keep the illusion
is to let them pay the bills!

Well, there you have it. How do
you feel about it, suhs?

Man is doomed to be disappoint-
ment. We eagerly looked for at least
one fashion conscious Miss who
would be wearing the colorful knee-
high socks and short skirts so popu-
lar on American campuses. But
there was nary a one. Still there's
much to be said for smooth silk
stockings—or what do you say,
gentlemen.

Most of you have at one time or
another read Kipling's "If". We offer
an "If for Girls" by J. P. McEvoy.
We hope you like it.

If you can hear the whispering about
you,
And never yield to deal in whis-
pers, too;

If you can bravely smile when loved
ones doubt you,
And never doubt, in turn, what
loved ones do;

If you can keep a sweet and gentle
spirit
In spite of fame or fortune, rank
or place,
And though you win your goal or
only near it,
Can win with poise or lose with
equal grace;

If you can meet with Unbelief, be-
lieving,
And hallow in your heart a simple
Creed,
If you can meet Deception, un-
deceiving,

And learn to look to God for all you
need;
If you can be what girls should be to
mothers;

Chums in joy and comrades in
distress,

And be unto others as you'd have
be the others
Be unto you—no more, and yet no
less;

If you can keep within your heart
the power
To say that firm, unconquerable
"No";

If you can brave a present shadowed
hour,
Rather than yield to build a future
woe;

If you can love, yet not let loving
master,
But keep yourself within your own
self's clasp,

And not let Dreaming lead you to
Disaster,
Nor Pity's fascination loose your
grasp;

If you can lock your heart on con-
fidences,
Nor ever needlessly in turn con-
fide;

If you can put behind you all pre-
tenses
Of mock humility or foolish pride;
If you can keep the simple, homely
virtue

Of walking right with God—then
have no fear
That anything in all the world can
hurt you—

And—which is more—you'll be a
Woman, dear.

SOCIETY TO VIEW SCIENTIFIC FILMS

Edmonton branch of the National
Film Society of Canada has not yet
begun its new season, but tentative
plans are under way to start this
organization as early as possible,
stated Mr. H. P. Brown, secretary of
the branch in an interview Wednes-
day morning.

"A meeting is to be called Wed-
nesday evening," said Mr. Brown, "at
which we hope to lay the foundations
for this year's work."

Activities of the society will be
somewhat hampered this year be-
cause of the many changes on the
campus caused by the conflict in
Europe.

Last year members saw many talk-
ing films in various languages, but
this year only a few will probably
be available, and then in French
only. To remedy this shortage, the
society plans to get as many scienti-
fic films as possible.

A membership of approximately
three hundred students and citizens
last year attended meetings in the
Medical Building. In addition, some
showings were made in downtown
theatres.

WAR TORN SHANGHAI PRESENTS GRIM SPECTACLE TO STUDENT

By Alan McDougall

With the pot beginning to bubble
and boil more furiously in the far
east, that gay, cosmopolitan mixture
called Shanghai takes on the role of
a teetering, economic giant about to
succumb to a serious attack of Japane-
se jaundice. The international
chain separating the Nippons from
the main part of the city has, since a
year ago, buckled in one place and
badly sagged elsewhere. The changes
during the last year have been due
more to the irritation of existing dif-
ferences rather than any new ideal.

A year ago Chinese Nationalists in
Shanghai dared to flaunt the na-
tional flag in the teeth of the enemy.
I doubt if they are foolhardy enough
to try that now. A year ago Nan-
king road saw many a smart trooper
of the East Surreys and the kilts of
the Seaforth Highlanders. Today
they are gone. Their armed out-
posts no longer are a serious menace
to the "New Order." Those very
lively French sailors may still fre-
quent "Blood Alley," but I believe
that many of the trimmings have
been omitted. The Italians with their
inferiority complex and definitely
unromantic uniforms must surely,
by now, have puffed out their chests
and, despite the garb, widened their
social sphere.

A year ago brought news of the
first bombings of Chungking. It is
still being bombed, and apparently
still able to stick out its tongue. A
year ago the "North China Daily
News" posed the question, "What
will Poland do?" Now we know.

As the deep blue of the ocean
changes to green; light green, brown
and then to a plain dirty hue; as the
distant land gradually closes in, you
are aware that this is the Yangtze
Kiang. Soon the river splits, lead-
ing off to the left as the Whangpoo
(or Wusung) a short distance up
which stands Shanghai. To the right
of this juncture lies the site of what
was once the port of Woosung, whose
forts were battered out of existence
by the guns of the Imperial Japanese
Navy. Without this navy, of course,
Japan's dream of the "New Order"
wouldn't get past staff conferences.
Stone and concrete embankments
are cracked and splattered. The
plains leading back from the river
are in pitifully drab contrast to the
corresponding location on that other
old stream of life—the Ganges.

Going up the river the short dis-
tance to Shanghai, one notices fami-
liar American and British trade
names, especially of oil companies.
The great fleet of river craft; house
boats, rafts, junks, river boats, etc.,
begin to appear, stretching in a
seemingly endless line. Tacked
somewhere on each and topping any
other flag, if any, is the ensign of
the Japanese navy. Dirty and tat-
tered perhaps, but there as a sign
of might and domination.

A Japanese hospital ship moves
slowly down the river, the rails
crowded with hundreds of bandaged
wounded waving frantically to a
Japanese destroyer which passes
them in a swirl of muddy foam. A
trim, white gunboat, H.M.S. Lady-
bird, moves upstream, and we rush
to the poop-deck and dip the Jack
to the good old naval ensign.

Along the right hand shore, at long
jetties, Japanese troop transports,
converted tramps, disgorge their
human cargo which line up and are
whisked away by truck into the in-
terior. How do these men manage
the trip from Japan in cargo ships
with only the holds to provide mass
accommodation? It may be im-
agined. Beneath the shelter of the
lower bridge I prepared to snap the
view. Being ordered by the first
mate to remove that target from the
sight of the troops, I took some shots
through a porthole, with the result
that the prints were terrible.

There are evidences of some ex-
cellent firing by the Japanese war-
ships and of quite good bombing by
the warplanes. However, with little
opposition, their aim should have
been first class. Chinese warehouses
and buildings on the left bank were
demolished and where, for some
reason, a Japanese warehouse hap-
pened to be mixed up here, the ad-
jacent buildings were razed neatly,
so as to leave the chosen one stand-
ing alone and safe. On the opposite
bank, Japanese export and import
buildings, the docks of the O.S.K.,
N.Y.K. and other Nipponese lines
are in good condition. Behind these
are some of the worst scars of the
local assault, where dwellings and
stores still lay in ruins.

Buoys are anchored in mid-stream
and all the cargo ships, with most
of the liners, tie up here. Ships of
all nations—a year ago, Japanese,
German and Italian vessels celebrate
the Anti-Commintern pact by loading
all the halyards, braces and cross-
wires with enough letters of the
code to clothe most of the refugees
in Shanghai. A few days later a
Japanese gunboat halts, boards and
escorts back to the city an Italian
and a German boat bound up the
Yangtze on mercy work. Darn
funny these Japanese.

I went ashore with one of the
apprentice officers for a look around
the city. Hiring a taxi, we drove
down Nanking Road, over Bubbling
Well road and on to the outskirts to
view some of the damage done in
the early fighting. Here a road,
hemmed in both sides with barbed
wire, separates the settlement from
the Japanese controlled areas. Pass-
ing scenes of destruction and a
hastily constructed refugee camp,
where thousands of Chinese live in
crowded dwellings, we came upon a
British outpost which confronted a
similar Japanese institution. Getting
out of the car, we talked to a trooper
of the East Surreys (remember the
Film "Four Feathers"?). Broaching
the subject of picture taking to him,
he answered drily, "They don't like
it by a long shot, but we do it.
Sometimes they chase us right into
our own bailiwick, but," he added
with a smile, "we disarm them as
soon as they cross over, and they

can't very well do much about it."
With this encouragement, I attempt-
ed with clumsy nonchalance to line
the situation up.

On the road was built a sand-
bagged machine gun nest manned
by a Britisher and staring smack
into the bull's eye of the rising sun.
Another trooper did sentry-go,
while across the line a Japanese
sentry did likewise. A very nice
setting indeed.

However, my amateurish efforts at
concealing the camera drew the at-
tention of the aforementioned sentry,
who in turn attracted the attention
of some sort of liaison officer, and
they both started for us. I didn't
relish this type of publicity nor the
loss of a perfectly good camera, so
passing the word to my companion,
I immediately got in the car and
asked the driver as forcefully as time
would allow to move us out of there.
The other two approached with
steady certainty, and out of the
corner of my eye I could see a
number of British troops moving
over. My companion was one of
those Englishmen who would say,
"Blow the Japanese. We'll get a
picture through the blink win-
dow!" I was struggling to regain
possession of the camera from this
enthusiast and trying to encourage
the driver, who was rapidly losing
nerve also, when the face of the
officer appeared outside the window.
Coming up rapidly and with fixed
bayonet was the sentry. I don't be-
lieve I shall ever forget the look in
that officer's eyes, even though it
lasted but a few seconds, as with a
roar the faithful Ford sprang into
life and we tore down the highway
into the settlement. The idea be-
hind this is that all could have
been avoided had the custom's offi-
cers relieved us of such powerful
weapons.

Shanghai is now a city of uncer-
tainities, and becoming more uncer-
tain every day. Credit is due those
British and Americans and Cana-
dians who still carry on despite the
manner in which the homeward
path is gradually being barred by
international events. I wonder, too,
what will become of that large in-
ternational set which blossoms forth
so brilliantly at night, and to whom
Shanghai is a refuge and a sedative.
One cannot contemplate the position
of the White Russians without a
sickening feeling of what might be
in store for them should the Euro-
pean chain snap. People without a
country. Somehow, it's a different
feeling than one has for the native
population. After all, they are so
much like us. The lads, mounting
guard along the jetty, just off the
Bund, dressed in old British-type
uniforms, could so easily pass for a
typical British youth—if they had
some color in their cheeks.

But according to present world
values, these things will not mat-
ter when the pressure comes. Nor
will there be a great military loss
should Shanghai be overrun, but the
economic losses will reverberate
through many a trading house and
through many a financial establish-
ment.

As one leans against the bulwark
at night looking on this amazing city
for perhaps the last time, and watch-
ing the cold flickering of the morse
lamps as battleship speaks to shore,
when the river is dark and quiet
save for the slight splash of the

patrol boats and the bobbing light
from their masts, one cannot help
being impressed by its fate, and
though you are rather regretful at
leaving, there is also a feeling of re-
lief. Before turning in that night I
closed my log with the only suit-
able sentence I could think of: "Au
revoir, Shanghai; heaven and hell
of the glorious east."

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Old Students

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musical comedy.

STRAND: Friday, Saturday, Monday—"Dance, Girl, Dance," with
Maureen O'Hara and Louis Hayward.

EMPRESS: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, double bill—Joan Blon-
dell and Dick Powell in "I Want a Divorce," and "Yesterday's
Heroes" with Robert Stirling and Jean Rogers.

VARSCONA: Monday, Tuesday, a double bill—"Three Cheers for
the Irish," "Pride of the Blue Grass."

RIALTO: Held over Saturday, Monday, Tuesday—Joel McCrea,
Laraine Day, Herbert Marshall, in "Foreign Correspondent."

Varsity History

(Continued from Page 9)

The infant university was fortunate in having among the students a number of those who had been former members of Alberta College, where, under Dr. Riddell's guidance, work for the first two years of Arts for McGill had been carried on by an affiliation plan for a number of years. They had experience of life in a residential co-educational school and formed a nucleus around which the new group could be built.

During the first year all student activities were under two divisions, a literary society and an athletic body, with the students' council as a co-ordinating agency. The seven women students had a mysterious club of their own, the forerunner of the present Wauneta Society. Into its mystic activities no mere male ever penetrated. It was known as the S.I.S., and now as then the writer is and was completely in the dark as to the meaning of those symbols.

Beginnings, and the word is used advisedly, were made in football, hockey and basketball, but it was not until 1914 that the rugby team came into its own. In that year, under the coaching of Mr. Powis, a former Queen's star, the green and gold team, as well as balanced a squad as has ever played in Alberta, won the provincial championship, an achievement not often repeated. In the opinion of the writer, who has seen in action every team the University of Alberta has ever fielded, the work of York Blayney and Ernie Parsons as quarterbacks has not been excelled in equalled since. As general and broken field runner, Parsons was a treat to watch.

Meanwhile the student body was growing at a rapid rate. By 1919 one hundred students were enrolled, and quarters had been moved twice, first at the new year of 1909 to the present Strathcona High School and again in 1911 to the Athabasca Hall on the campus. The first sod of the

present Arts Building was turned in 1909, but for reasons not now of importance the first building completed was Athabasca, followed by Assiniboia, Pembina, Arts and Medical with the laboratories in due course.

During the session 1910-11 The Gateway was born. An attempt was made to start it in the previous year, but was abandoned. Judged by present standards, the slim monthly of those days was a poor thing, but to paraphrase slightly, "My lord, it was our own." Imagine the problem. The student body numbered about two hundred. Edmonton was but a country town. The high level bridge was non-existent. Old Strathcona had few dealings with Edmonton. Advertising appeal was small, and still printers had to be paid. And to climax the story, an epidemic of typhoid claiming scores of victims, among them many students, broke out. But by determined effort and foolish persistence and with support of staff and students the thing came out with fair (?) regularity. As the first editor, the writer learned from that time to cast a mantle of charity over publishers' shortcomings.

In many respects the war interlude 1914-19 is the most glorious, if the most tragic, part of our history to date. Then, as they are now, university men and women were keenly aware of the fundamental issue at stake, and they rallied to support the war effort. To the older generation of Alberta students it is a matter of proud record that an enlistment greater than the total enrollment in 1914 left the campus during the four years, in fact more than four hundred, of whom, staff and students, over eighty did not return. The voice of the memorial organ brings poignant memories to the survivors of that group.

And now what remains to be said? Forty students have been succeeded by well over two thousand. A staff of five has increased to about two hundred. One faculty has grown to a half-dozen, with six additional schools, including a school of graduate studies. A poplar-studded homestead has blossomed into a campus with well equipped if inadequate residences and teaching buildings. Thousands of alumni represent Alberta in every part of the world and in every calling.

At the outset, in its small beginning the University of Alberta represented a spiritual adventure dedicated to the promotion of "whatsoever things are true." Previous generations of students have shown in peace and in war even unto death if need be, their faith in the value of the adventure. Now for the second time in memory of living men the forces of barbarism and unreason on a scale previously unknown are making a bid for world control. Should these forces prevail, there will be no place left for institutions such as ours. After a period of wishful thinking, we are confronted with the stark reality that precious things still must be safeguarded.

Those who have seen every class of Alberta students from 1908 until the present pass through are confident that the torch kept burning during that time in peace and in war is now in safe hands. The present editor and staff, as representatives of the fourth estate, are heirs to both privilege and responsibility. One

Over 250 University Men Are Now in Fighting Forces; R. C. Proctor First Casualty

Accidentally Killed on Routine Flight in British Columbia

TAYLOR WANTS INFORMATION

Assistant Registrar Asks for Help in Getting Names of Enlisted Men

Following the example of the University's student soldiers of the last year, over 250 members of the student body, the alumni, and the faculty are in active service fighting against Germany.

Squadron Leader Richard Campbell Proctor of the Royal Canadian Air Force, accidentally killed while flying in British Columbia, is the first casualty. He graduated from the Faculty of Applied Science in 1934 with the degree of B.Sc. in Mining Engineering. His father is Dr. Richard Proctor, Instructor in Radiology at the University Hospital.

Mr. G. B. Taylor, the Assistant Registrar, is compiling a list of the names, the ranks, and other particulars of University men and University graduates now in the fighting forces. The list is far from complete, and there are many omissions. We are publishing it in the hope friends of enlisted men will cooperate by supplying the missing information. Mr. Taylor would particularly appreciate more particulars concerning those men whose names are marked with an asterisk.

CASUALTIES
Accidentally Killed 14, 1940.
Squadron Leader Richard Campbell Proctor, R.C.A.F. Bachelor of Science in Mining Engineering, 1934.

Injured
At Dunkirk, Lieut. L. N. MacDonald, Royal Army Medical Corps, Doctor of Medicine 1935.

At sea, June, 1940, Surgeon-Lieutenant Timothy B. McLean, H.M.C.S. "Fraser," Royal Canadian Navy, Doctor of Medicine 1938.

FACULTY
Bradley, Capt. R. W., Canadian Army Dental Corps (Abbrev.: CADC).
Dyde, H. A., 16, Assistant to Minister of National Defence.
Hamilton, Major Kenneth, 49th (Edmonton) Rgt.
Healy, Aircraftman D. M., 31, Manning Pool, R.C.A.F. Brandon.
Myatt, Capt. W. G., Royal Canadian Artillery (Abbrev.: RCA).
MacLeod, Senior Nursing Sister Agnes J., 24, 27, 4th C.C.S. RCAMC, CASF.
Nixon, Capt. J. R., 4th C.C.S. Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps (Abbrev.: RCAMC).
Rankin, Dean A. C., Director of Hygiene National Defence H.Q.
Robb, Dr. C. A., Chief of Gauge Division, War Supply Board.
Weinios, Capt. C. H. W., 27, 31, 4th C.C.S. RCAMC.
Weinios, Major M., 25, 28, 4th C.C.S. RCAMC.

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF
Brooks, Private Herbert John, No. M2853, RCAMC.
Maclean, Murdoch (Head Janitor Arts), Royal Canadian Navy (Abbrev.: RCN).
Thomas, Alfred B., Aircraftman 2, No. P60634, RCAF.
*Adam, G. D., 34, RCAF.
Backman, Lieut. W. S., 24, 49th (Edmonton) Rgt.
Berry, H. D., 40, Engineering Training Centre, RCE.

of the pioneers with, it may be safely assumed, the cordial support of the others, wishes them every success in what will surely be an able endeavor.

A. E. O.

Long, Capt. G. S., 33, Can. Military Headquarters, RCAMC, London.
Lynch-Staunton, 2nd Lieut. H., 26, 1st Batt. Glasgow Highlanders (acting D.A.A.G., 52nd Division).
*MacCullie, — A., 38.
*MacDonald, — Bruce F., 40.
*MacPherson, Capt. A. H., 29, 8th Field Ambulance, RCAMC, CASF.
McConkey, Dr. A. S., 35, Emergency Med. Services, Princess Elizabeth Orthopaedic Hospital, Exeter.
*Martland, — R., 26, 28.
Mitchell, — F. G., 37, RCN.
Monizwa, Staff-Sergeant J. R., 34, 8th Field Ambulance, RCAMC, CASF.
Morgan, Gunner A. R., 22 (K16189), 58th Battery, 15 Coast Brigade, RCA, Vancouver.
Mundy, Lieut. D. B., 40, 1st Batt. 49th (Edmonton) Rgt. CASF.
Noian, Major H. G., 14, M.C., Military District 13, Calgary.
Norton, Capt. G. I., 36, RCAMC.
*Patterson, — A. C., 40.
*Primrose, — P. N., 26, RCAF?
*Prowse, — J. H., 38.
Purdy, — G. C. D., 35, 1st Batt. 49th (Edmonton) Rgt. CASF.
Roxburgh, Lieut. W. G., 32, 49th (Edmonton) Rgt. CASF.
Shillington, Capt. R. T., 39, CADC.
Short, — R., 28.
Taylor, Capt. C. D., 31, 8th Field Ambulance, RCAMC, CASF.
*Wallbridge, — J. D., 40, RCAF?
Weston, Regt. Q. M. Sgt. Chas., 21, 4th C.C.S. RCAMC.
*Wright, — W. C., 36, 13th Dist. Signals, RCSC.
*Wortman, — R. B., 33, RCAF?
Wyatt, Major J. L., 30, G.S.O. 3, M.D. 13, Calgary.

UNDERGRADUATES AND EX-STUDENTS (Sept., 1940)
Baker, Major W. E. (Med. 19, 22), No. 1 Holding Unit, CASF.
Bow, — M. (Arts).
*Brimacombe, — D. A. (Comm.), RCAF?
Byers, Capt. J. M. C. (Med. 20, 24), 8th Field Ambulance, CASF.
*Hale, — E. H. (Arts).
Halpin, Capt. H. E., CADC.
*Hanna, — R. F. L.
Jaques, Lieut. D. M., 1st Batt. 49th (Edmonton) Rgt. CASF.
*Kearney, — J. D., 40, RCAF?
*Kyle, Pilot Officer M. A. RAF.
McNabb, Capt. D. R., CADC.
*O'Meara, — E. W. B. (Comm.).
*Paul, — Paul, RCAF.
*Petherbridge, — E. G. (Arts and Law).
Sutherland, Cadet G. O., 13th Dist. Signals, RCSC.
Sutherland, Lieut. T. S. A. (Comm.), No. 1 Machine Gun Holding Unit, CASF.
Warr, Major A. H. (Phm.), RCA.
Warren, Capt. J. L. M., CADC.
Williams, Dr. L. W. (Med. 29, 33), Surgeon-Specialist, Royal Horton Hospital, Edmonton.
*Woodruff, Flying Officer P. H., 35 (Phm.), RCAF.

Young Freshette to hardened Sophomore: "Hello, Jack."
"Hello there, Mary. What are you doing here?"
"Oh, I'm registering in Science and Med. so I guess I'll be around for a long time yet."
"Yes, I guess you will. Till Xmas anyway."

Young Freshette to Not-so-young-looking Freshman:
"I thought you started here last year?"

"I did, but I was taking Engineering then."
"Oh, you flunked, eh?"
"How did you guess? Yes, I did. The year before I was taking Architecture, you know."
"Oh, I see. Well, what are you going in for this year?"
"Arts."

Fresh Answers From Freshies

Freshettes' impressions of Miss Dodd, after an informal visit to her suite during a campus tour:

"I think I like her. She's pretty swell."
"She didn't scare me a bit."
"Imagine her remembering my brother, and he went here fifteen years ago."

"I don't think I'd like her job very much. It must be pretty hard being mother, father and peace-maker to three hundred girls."

Blond Freshette, at nine in the morning: "I haven't had time for any impressions yet. I just got here ten minutes ago."

At noon the same day:
"Yes, I'm sure I have some impressions, but give me a little time to sort them out, will you?"

And at six in the evening:
"Oh, are you still here? Well, look, do you mind if we sit down for a while? My feet are sort of sore; new shoes, you know. Right now I'm afraid I can't give you a very good story, as my eyes are still crossed from that Vitamin ABC thing, and none of my reflexes are working since that screwy Doctor tested them. Also, I haven't had anything for lunch except a couple of chocolate bars, because someone told me that Freshies were not allowed to go to Tuck this week. . . . I don't think that's true though, is it?"

Fashion talk among the new coeds:
"Gee, I wish I had bought some saddle oxfords after all. These things are nearly killing me. But I thought everyone else would be wearing them, and I wanted to be different, so I didn't get any."
"I didn't get any because I read in Mademoiselle that the boys didn't like them."

"Oh that darn magazine. I bought myself a pair of knee length socks and one of those real short skirts like they show in there, but I'd certainly never have nerve enough to wear them around here."
Why not?

A Freshette was asked, as aren't they all, what course she was going to take, and she looked terribly shy and said she'd better show me because everyone thought she was crazy to try it. She produced a card which said something to the effect that she had been accepted into the School of Science and Medicine. But we don't think she's crazy at all—we just admire her spirit.

One of the featured campus tours for gals trotted brazenly through the

men's cloak room in the Med building, glanced at all the Chem labs, and then made a beeline for Little Tuck. But Little Tuck was not quite prepared for them. In fact, the paint was still wet on the tables, but the girls didn't seem to mind, as they said that green was the Varsity color, and they were glad to have some of the real McCoy on their clothes. Well, really.

Anyway, they skidded over the newly waxed floors and ended up in a pile at the other door, only to find it was locked, so they just skidded back again, and one sweet voice was heard to say, "Gee, this is even more fun than roller skating at the Palace Gardens . . . oh!"

It's all right—we won't tell on you.

A certain bearded specimen running loose on the campus scared the lives out of some of the new students. But the fairer sex were rather were inquisitive than frightened. For instance:

"I wonder what he really looks like under that?"

"Do you think it's real?"

"Sure, somebody said it was grown up North."

"What's its name, anyway?"

"I don't know. Neither does anyone else."

"I hope to heck I don't dream about him tonight. I've had a hard day and I need a good sleep."

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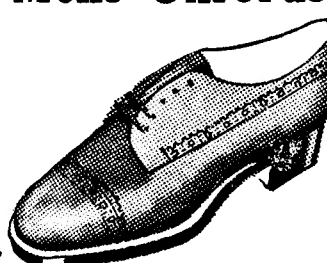
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UNDERGRADUATES AND EX-STUDENTS
Addinell, Capt. W. E. (D.D.S. McGill), CADC (att. 4th C.C.S., CADC).
*Blair, — Jas.
Bury, Major W. G., 49th (Edmonton) Rgt.
Cardell, Pilot-Officer J. S., RCAF.
Donald, Major A. S., 49th (Edmonton) Rgt.
Hawrellak, C.Q.M.S. Andrew, 49th (Edmonton) Rgt.
Langston, Capt. A. E., Calgary Highlanders.
*Leigh-Spencer, — Wm.
Matthews, Lieut. D. C., Calgary Highlanders.
McKnight, Flight-Lieut. W. L. (awarded D.F.C., June, 1940), RCAF.
*Munro, — Donald.
Nichols, Lieut. Alan, 49th (Edmonton) Rgt.
*Reid, — Wm. A., 1st Pioneer Batt. Royal Canadian Engineers.
*Reid, Lieut. Cameron, 8th Field Rgt., RCA.
*Thomson, — O. M.
*Webster, — G.
Ziegler, Capt. W. S., 27th Field Rgt., RCA.
ALUMNI (September, 1940)
*Allen, — J. C., 33, 37, RCAF?
*Bisset, — D. P. M., 39, RCA.
Brown, Lieut. L. J., 40, 3rd Field Park Co., RCE.
Coffin, Lieut. A. F., 32, South Alberta Rgt., CASF.
Corbett, Lieut. J. B., 40, Artillery Training Centre, Winnipeg.
Dawson, R. J. S., 37, Aircraftman 2, R60455, No. 2 Manning Depot RCAF, Brandon.
*de la Vergne, — C. R., 32 (ad eundem).
*Dunne, — F. R., 39, RCAF?
*Edgar, — J. E., 27, RCA?
Elliott, Cadet C. W., 38, 13th Dist. Signals, RCSC.
*Redale, Nursing Sister Q. M., 30, 4th C.C.S.
Fairbanks, Lieut. C. L., 37, RCA, CASF.
*Ficht, — J. P., 27, 38.
*Freese, — D. A., 35, RCAF?
Gaetz, Sgt. H. B., 22, 4th C.C.S. RCAMC.
Gander, Dr. T. A., 40, RCAMC.
Gerrie, Major J. W., 37, RCAMC (Can. Gen. Hosp.).
Gibbs, Lieut. E. L., 31, 32, Can. Military Headquarters.
Harkness, Major D. S., RCA, CASF.
*Hawrellak, — S. W., 40.
Ignatoff, Lieut. — 32, Calgary Highlanders, CASF.
*Irving, — W. P., 40, RCAF?
Johnson, Capt. C. M., 38, CADC.
Kennedy, Lieut. Garfield, 39, 49th (Edmonton) Rgt., CASF.
Kibberville, — E. J., 29, 31, Psych. Testing Div. RCAF.
Knight, Lieut. T., 30, No. 3 Infantry (Rifle) Holding Unit, CASF.
Koblynyk, Cadet D. F., 38, 13th Dist. Signals, RCSC.
Langille, Lieut. G. C., 40, RCA.
*Layton, — J. M., 38, RCAF.
Lees, Lieut. J. M., 38, RCAF.

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We studied hard, we did research, and tried out every strategy—before we picked these particular styles to make your college term more worth-while.

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Postponement Track Meet Gives University Athletes Chance To Develop Talent

Hope for Meet With Normal School October 26

FOXLEE BACK

Fall track meet which was to have been held this Saturday, October 5th, has been postponed until Thanksgiving day. The competition was to have been with the Normal School, but since many of the students will be leaving town for their holidays, the meet will have to be an interfaculty tournament.

This year's field day will be the most important of its kind in many years, as it is the major sport of our athletic director, Mr. Panton. For this reason, a large number of athletes will be assembling for his excellent coaching and a large number of fans out to see the results.

Material on the field this year is excellent, with such notables as Ken Bradshaw, who scored the greatest number of points in the Western Intercollegiate meet last fall. His chief departments are sprinting and broad-jumping. Cec Compton, former intercollegiate quarter-miler, Jim Herringer in the pole vault and high jump departments, Frank Foxlee, Aylmer Ryan, and many others who have shown their merit around the campus in past years. Besides this, there is a good quality of Freshman turning out, and the only thing lacking is quantity on this score. The ladies' section is handicapped in numbers this

year. Doris Danner, Intercollegiate star last year, being one notable seen conditioning at the grid. However, a greater turnout is expected within the next two or three days.

Dave Tait, president of the track and field competitions, gives the information that so far arrangements are proceeding smoothly, and the possibility of a telegraphic meet with Saskatchewan is being considered. There is also hope for a Normal School meet some time on or around October 26. Although our squads seem strong, Dave does not expect any records to be broken this year, due to the fact that strong competition from other western universities has been withdrawn for this season. However, there is a possibility that the track team will be kept active throughout the winter, as there is good accommodation in Athabaska Gym for athletes to keep in training. This class should be large, since the physical training course has been taken from the calendar in favor of army responsibilities, and many students will want to take muscle-stretching classes during the cold winter months.

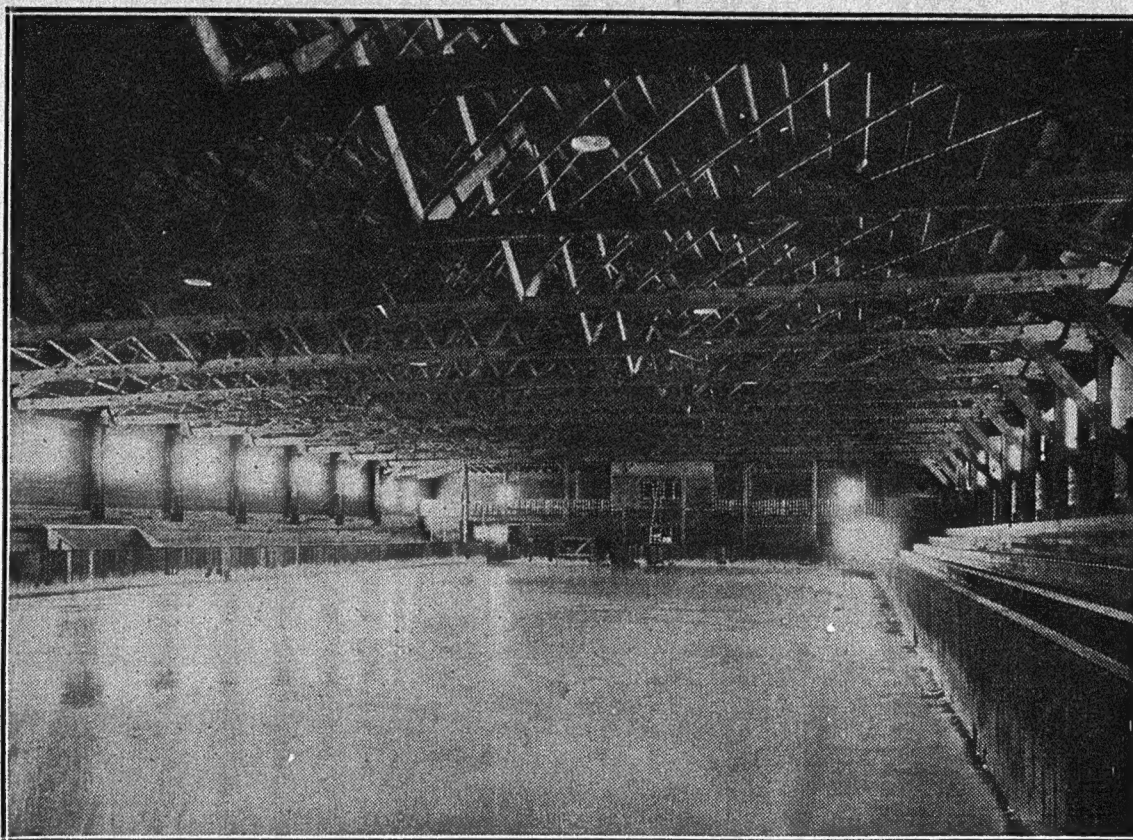
Varsity Stadium is the place, October 14th the time, and further notices will be given for the event.

JUNIOR RUGBY SCHEDULE

October 12, Saturday	Varsity vs. E.A.C.
October 14, Monday	Maple Leafs vs. Varsity
October 19, Saturday	Varsity vs. Maple Leafs
October 25, Friday	South Side vs. Varsity
October 29, Tuesday	E.A.C. vs. Varsity
November 2, Saturday	Varsity vs. South Side

Cut this out and keep it for future reference. The three Saturday games are at the Grid.

REMEMBER WHEN IN HAPPIER DAYS?



Familiar to all Varsity hockey fans is the Covered Rink, its glistening sheet of ice ready for the teams to appear. Ice has been replaced by asphalt and the stadium is now being used by military authorities for training of the University Auxiliary Battalion.

NOTICE

There are still vacancies for students who would like to cover sporting activities on the campus. Two assistant sports editors are required, and all who are interested have an opportunity of obtaining one or other of these posts.

Two girls are also needed to cover the feminine angle. Will anyone interested please drop into The Gateway office. It is at the north end of the main floor of the Arts Building, Room 151.

NOTICE

Central Check Equipment Room has been moved to its new quarters next to the Men's Athletic Room in the basement of Athabaska. Mr. Babrock is in charge, and will be there from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. only, every day except Sunday. This is the only time at which he is available for Central Check duties.

WM. J. HADDAD,
Pres., Men's Athletics.

The Gateway Welcomes Jim Panton and Bob Fritz

This year marks a new and important phase in the history of athletics at the University of Alberta. Not only has the sports picture been cut down somewhat, but a new staff has taken over the Department of Physical Education.

The new Acting Director, Mr. Jim Panton, comes to us with a reputation so glowing as to almost belie his youthful appearance. Mr. Bob Fritz, the Assistant Director, is well known to Alberta primarily for his rugby prowess, but in addition is well qualified to assist in general physical training.

Elsewhere in the sport section will be found more information concerning these two gentlemen. But we can say that athletics and physical training seem to be on the eve of a new era on this campus.

On behalf of the hundreds of students who cannot personally welcome these two men, may we add our word of greeting.

Bob Fritz, All-Canadian Ball Star Coaches Golden Bears City Junior Rugby League

Won Varsity Basketball Scholarship, Left Hoop Game for Grid

FORMER ESKIMO

Selling football to the University of Alberta is the task assigned to Mr. Bob Fritz this season, as King Football begins his annual fall reign over the campus. The job must be done with the help of interested students, and as close to fifty enthusiasts have been coming to practice faithfully, rain or shine, nearly every night of the week, co-operation is evident.

Coach Fritz comes to us with the finest of athletic records both as a player and coach. Beginning his football career at International Falls High School in Minnesota, he showed an early interest in this game as well as basketball, which sport was at that time just gaining impetus in the States.

On graduating from high school he went on for higher education at Concordia College on a basketball scholarship, where he changed allegiance to the grid, developing as an outstanding player in American football.

During the four years he upheld the laurels of his Alma Mater he studied the game as an art, and learned it to the extent that he began coaching small teams and applying his own ideas to the game. On the field he was so outstanding that he was awarded honorable mention for the All-American team, an honor striven for by every college player in the States.

Finishing his college career, Mr. Fritz came to Canada to take over the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, and performed with such outstanding success that the Bombers won the Dominion Senior Conference in 1935, some fourteen games being played and won throughout the season. The next two seasons saw his team win the Western Conference twice in a row, and no small amount of the credit was due to our coach, as verified by the fact that he was picked both as an All-Canadian and All-Western star.

Transferring to Edmonton in the fall of 1938 to take over the responsibilities of the Edmonton Eskimos football team, Mr. Fritz faced the tremendous task of organizing a brand new football club and then selling the idea of football to the public in this western city. The club functioned for two years, during which time one notable achievement was the decided victory over the Dominion Senior champions in a league fixture. This win alone showed

ed the progress of a club which had started from a handful of veterans and a legion of rookies in the short space of two years.

Many students have already become well acquainted with our new coach through the medium of the air waves, as he is a staff member of radio station CJCA of Edmonton, gathering and announcing sports for northern Alberta.

Coach Fritz will have five of his former men working against him in the Edmonton Junior Football Conference this season. Paul Kirk coaches the Spitfires, while Steve Olander and Tommy Hays coach the Maple Leafs. Ernie Stevens and Don McGreevy put the Edmonton Athletic Club through their paces. However, as Mr. Fritz once coached all of these men, there is no doubt but that he will have many a trick left in his bag that he didn't teach them.

Planning to introduce a type of football that is designed to enhance the speed and blocking abilities of this year's team, Coach Fritz will use American methods. Says Mr. Fritz, "We are going to try a few new experiments, and still we should win ball game—with ease."

Coach Fritz is a married man and resides in Edmonton. A man well known throughout Alberta and certainly enthusiastically welcomed to Alberta's University.

A Freshie went out with a Jane, Kissed.
He had one silver buck in his jeans, Disc.
The Jane's fingers quietly wandered, Frisked.
So the Freshie's broke, Tsk!

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IT PLEASES US TO PLEASE YOU

Full Sympathy of States With Great Britain, Trend Against Involvement Gone

Back from Sabbatical Leave, Dr. Misener Gives Reassurance
STUDIED AT BERKELEY

Deep sympathy with the British Commonwealth in the present struggle and confidence in Prime Minister Churchill of Great Britain are rapidly increasing in the United States at the present time, in the view of Dr. Geneva Misener, Professor of Classics here. Dr. Misener has been absent from the University for the past fourteen months, engaged in research at the University of California, Berkeley. "Faculty opinion is entirely in favor of Britain," said Dr. Misener, "though at the time of Neville Chamberlain's premiership

the trend was against involvement in European affairs—this feeling engendered largely through distrust of the Munich settlement."

Dr. Misener was at Berkeley continuing her work on Greek particles, which she had commenced in collaboration with the late Dr. Paul Shorey of Chicago.

She was accompanied by her two nieces, June and Yvonne; the former attended high school in Berkeley, the latter continued with second year work at the California University. The trio spent the summer in Long Beach and Los Angeles.

Miss Misener lauded the ample library facilities of the University, and stressed the hospitable atmosphere. "Every effort was made to provide me with the necessary facilities to the extent of securing books for my particular needs."

The professor remarked on the large number of women on the staff of the University. These had their own clubhouse, and the privileges of the Women's Faculty Club were extended to the visitor.

Dr. Misener pointed to the large range of courses available at the University as a distinct recommendation, but felt that size of classes there (in some courses as many as 1,500 students) entailed much disadvantage for the individual.

In addition to her linguistic research, she devoted much time to studies for her class here in Greco-Roman Political Theory and Institutions, and attended lectures on Greek Ceramics.

While at Berkeley the Alberta professor had opportunity to hear lectures by authorities in classical and related fields. These were the University's Foundation Lectures, the Sather Foundation, and others.

In this connection Dr. Misener recalled hearing G. H. Karo, former Director of the German Archaeological School at Athens, now a refugee from Nazi tyranny. He has written an authoritative work on Mycenae: Die Schachtgräber von Mykenai.

N. P. Nilsson, author of Minoan-Mycenean Religion and Its Survival in Greek Religion, and Greek Religion, delivered a series on the latter topic.

The Valiant

(After the play by same name)

(After the play by same name)
The priest stood by the window,
Gazed past the iron bars;
"The night is dark," was his remark,
"There's neither moon nor stars."

The warden's thoughts were elsewhere;
He offered no reply;
His brow was knit, cigar was lit,
And he heaved a heavy sigh.

And the clouds sent a dozen rain-drops,
And then they sent the rain;
And the boy below heard the water flow
With its dreary, dull refrain.

Now a man with a bullet wound
Lay in cold and silent death;
And the boy in the cell, in the cold prison cell,
Had alone heard the man's last breath.

The boy sat calmly down
In his prison cell below—
"I'm twenty-five, and I'm still alive,
But I've only an hour to go."

The warden eyed his cigar,
Impatiently tossed it down,
"Has he told you at least who he is,
good priest?"

He asked with a puzzled frown.

"He talks to me freely, warden,
Like a man with learned tongue;
But he says his name was always the same—
James Dyke, ever since he was young."

"The boy is a murderer, father,
You know it and so do I,
But the courage of him far exceeds
his sin,

Though he's had the world to defy.

"My years are sixty, father,
And I've been here twenty-four;
But I more dislike to hang this Dyke
Than any I've hanged before."

"Brink Dyke to me," he ordered,
And Dyke is brought to him;
"You did the deed, yet pay no heed
To this your awful sin."

Now the priest was pleading,—
"What of your after life?
Are you aware—or don't you care?"
"Will be eternal strife?"

Dyke answered slowly, surely,—
"When I my God will see,
The man I slew will be there too,
To lay his blame on me.

"But I'm not fearing, father,
God knows as well as I,
He was too low to live, and so
My duty made him die."

She thought she was his sister,—
A girl of eighteen years,
She stood before the warden's door
And tried to hide her fears.

The warden bade her enter,
And talk to him alone,—
"My brother Joe, six years ago,
Went far away from home. . .

"We loved each other dearly,—
When I heard you were here,
I came to see if you might be
My long-lost brother dear."

Dyke gazed at her a moment,
Then said indifferently,
"I'm sorry, miss, you're not my 'sis';
You really couldn't be.

"You see, I have no sister,
No parent, brother, friend,
No one to say in any way
They're sorry 'tis my end."

She quoted Shakespeare softly,
And gazed at him the while,
"My brother Joe," she thought,
"would know
And hear that with a smile."

But he paid small attention,
And didn't understand;
She shook her head, and sadly said,
As she held out her hand—

"You're not my brother, are you?
And now I'll have to go."
"But wait," he said, "before I'm
dead

There's something you should know. . .

"Joe Paris . . . sounds familiar . . .
Ah, yes! . . . The battlefield . . .
I've got it!—He was once with me . . .
And there his fate was sealed."

"My brother Joe!" she whispered—
"I'll never see him more?"
"Be satisfied, my dear, he died
A brave man in the war."

"Does it not make you happy
To know he doesn't wait
In dire plight to hang tonight,
A victim of dread Fate?"

"Oh, yes! you've made me happy.
If only I could do
Some little thing, some joy to bring,
To make you happy too."

"I've never had a sister,
Or anyone to love;
Could you pretend you are my
friend
Before I go Above? . . .

"There's one way you can help me
In my last minutes here."
He drew closer, and said, "Will you
Kiss me good-bye, my dear?"

She hesitated, blushing,
Then to his arms she went;
A second's space of fond embrace
Two sad young people spent.

The warden entered softly,
And she was gone her way.
"Good-bye, my love, my sister-love,
I'll meet you some sweet day. . .

The coward dies more often
Than anyone, I know;
The Valiant die but once, and I
Am ready now . . . Let's go."

CLAUDIA A. BARKER.

His size twelve feet and the real hair on his chest are bound to give the Freshettes a real thrill. Another Freshman who seems due for attention is Lloyd Loveseth, another Edmonton student, and reputedly a whiz on skis, who "has Varsity's score already." Jack Timmins, a Calgary Aggie, stepped blithely and boldly through crowds of Freshettes, proudly displaying his barrel chest. (We don't know him, but we'll vouch for him.)

As we were roaming around these green pastures we thought we had suddenly flopped in amongst a group of refugees—at least, all the Freshies had their names and faculties pinned on their lapels. Ed Hall, an Edmonton beginner of that dying race, the Meds, noticed us looking at his tag. "You're right," he said, "that's me."

Freshie counsellors had a lot of fun. Fred Kendrick, paging brunettes, thought this year's crop of Freshettes "much better than last year's." Nellie Coyle, Wauneita Society President, backed Fred up with, "Yes, the new Wauneitas are woowooey. They're just right for Adam Lazonga's pupils."

After eight hours of fuss, fight and cuss on that memorable Tuesday, weary Freshman all agreed with Chemist-to-be Bill McCormack's bleary-eyed, "Foo, I'm lazy." And they looked it.

Facts About The Library

The Library of the University of Alberta contains over 70,000 volumes. Its resources are available to students, under the rules indicated on cards available at the desk.

As the Library has no central building, its Reading Rooms and its books are to be found in various parts of the University. The Main Reading Room is in the Arts Building, in the basement of which the larger proportion of the stack is housed. Other Reading Rooms are in the Medical Building, St. Joseph's College, and the North and South Laboratories.

Grouping of Books

For convenience in administration and service, there are three main groups of books.

1. The stack-room contains most of the books. To obtain a book from the stack-room the students consults the catalogue, fills out a charge card correctly, and presents it to a desk assistant, who will give assistance in any case of difficulty. Books borrowed from the stack-room may be retained for two weeks, and should be returned to the desk personally by the borrower. Owing to the strict limits of space, only senior honor students can be granted a permit to enter the stack-room for study or reference.

2. Permanent reserve books will be found on the open shelves in the Main Reading Room. These consist of dictionaries, encyclopedias, periodical indexes, and other works of reference, and are for use in the Library only, and are not to be taken out.

3. Special reserve books, selected by the instructors for use in connection with the academic courses, are held on the shelves behind the desk. These may be used during the day for two-hour periods, and after 4 p.m. may be taken out, for return not later than 9:30 the following morning.

A separate catalogue of these special reserve books, arranged alphabetically by courses, will be found in the lower right-hand corner of the catalogue cabinet.

Classification System

The Library uses the Cutter system of classification, a first understanding of which can be gained from the following note.

Each book has its own marking, or "Call Number," which gives it its definite place in the Library. This call number is placed in red in the top left-hand corner of the catalogue cards, and should be carefully written down on the charge card.

The first line of the call number uses a letter or letters to denote the subject; "F", for example, is History, any added letters indicating further sub-division. In some sections only, a number is added to the letter or letters in the first line. This has a geographical meaning; "F 82", for example, is Canadian History.

The second line of the call number uses the first letter of the author's name, with an added number which places the name in its relative position in the alphabet.

A third line, when used, or other letters or symbols, give further information about the book, with which the student will gradually become familiar. The desk assistants will gladly give any wanted information.

The Catalogue

Author, title, and subjects cards are filed alphabetically in the catalogue, on the principle of a dictionary. Subject cards only have their heading in red, and the red heading should not be copied on a charge card. Author and title entries are all in black.

Thus, when an author is the subject of a book, his name is shown in a red heading, the author of the book about him and the title being in black.

The subject cards for books about an author are filed immediately after the cards for the author's own books. In any case of difficulty, the student should consult the desk assistants.

The Library Staff invites the earnest co-operation of all students, so that the facilities of the Library may be of the greatest possible use to everyone.

Summer Students Aid Canada War

Donate \$200 Directly, Invest \$500 in War Bonds

FEES USED

Students attending the joint summer session of the Department of Education and the University of Alberta made large contributions to Canada's war effort. They donated \$200 to the Dominion Government directly, this money being raised, in part, through social functions. In addition, the students' executive was empowered to invest \$500 in war bonds, this sum coming partly from this year's student union fees and partly from surplus funds on hand from previous years.

Much concern over playing their part in the national war effort was evidenced by the students, the keynote being struck by Union Treasurer N. W. Svekla, Willingdon, who asserted: "Though some are anxious to have the executive spend all the money in fees on enjoyment or fun, this year, however, we must turn our attention to a matter of much greater concern—Canada's war effort. The Students' Union directs the executive to take action in this regard. We are obliged to spend less on sports and social functions. For without victory in war, enjoyment and fun would disappear."

Nonetheless, the summer session students had a term replete with interest and fun: bi-weekly dances, concerts, recitals, parties, public lectures, an amateur night, hikes, swims and a varied sports program, in the space of four short weeks, the duration of the departmental session.

Jacques Jolas, eminent American pianist, conducted a short course on the campus for advanced music students.

Norman MacKenzie, Professor of Private and International Law at the University of Toronto, and recently appointed President of New Brunswick University, was one of the special lecturers to address the summer school students.

For the two sections 1,350 registrations were recorded, Department of Education registrants being in excess of 1,000.

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Programs for Week of Sept. 28th to Oct. 5th

Monday, September 30—
12:15—Music and Program resume.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Quiz on the Quad.
1:15—Music.
3:30—Music.
5:45—Meet Aunt Penny, CBC.
6:00—Music.
6:30—Organ Recital, Mr. L. H. Nichols.
7:00—Symphony Hour.
8:00—Opening Address.

Tuesday, October 1—
12:15—Music and Program resume.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Music.
1:15—Gateway News.
5:30—Music.
5:45—Canadian-American Relations, CBC.
6:00—Music.
6:30—Song Recital, Elizabeth Reynolds Jones.
6:45—Music.
7:00—Symphony Hour.

Wednesday, October 2—
12:15—Music and Program resume.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Music.
5:30—Music.
5:45—Talk, CBC.
6:00—Music.
6:30—Music.
7:00—Symphony Hour.

Thursday, October 3—
12:15—Music and Program resume.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Music.
5:30—Music.
5:45—Talk, CBC.
6:00—Music.
6:30—Music.
7:00—Symphony Hour.

Friday, October 4—
12:15—Music and Program resume.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Music.
5:30—Music.
5:45—Between Two Wars, CBC.
6:00—Music.
6:30—Song Recital, Arnold Murray.
6:45—Music.
7:00—Symphony Hour.

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FRESHMAN COMMENT ON REGISTRATION

Topped with none-too-welcome caps of green and gold, hunched, bewildered freshmen roamed the Varsity campus Tuesday. Speaking bright childlike phrases, acting strangely, they look generally uncomfortable.

The chief worry of all was the busy day of line-ups—Vitamin A and I.Q.—and shelling out queues ahead. Ralph Loder of Edmonton and an embryonic Engineer, expressed this general feeling with "I'll be thankful to get home for dinner tonight."

The Frosh caps came in for their share of abuse from the new male students. Remarks ranging from such profane utterances as "These b— Freshie caps" to moans such as that of Tom Davidson, Aggie—to-be from Alliance, "We're marked men now," could be heard all around.

A deep-rooted distrust of all Varsity upper classmen was evident amongst the beginners. When Charles Ripley from Lethbridge was asked for his impression of Varsity, he muttered grimly, "I don't know," and then yelped, "Hey! What's this for? Scratch it out." Others were firmly convinced that there was no such man as Adam Lazonga, no such room as Arts 777 and no such course as "Woo 42."

"Ah, such innocence, such purity!" remarked one Junior. "Well can I remember the time when I didn't believe."

The early hours that Varsity students kept were quite mysterious to all. Dave Burnham from Bowden said wonderingly, "I was here shortly after 9 o'clock and there were over two hundred in front of me."

Determination to do, woo or foo was written all over the Freshmen's sunny faces. Albert Wells, a philosophical redhead, who rode triumphantly through the Arts gateway on a camel's back, put one hand over his heart and swore, "Today I am a man. Tomorrow when I receive my Hindu Sage's brush, I will baffle the Yogis of modern times."

Keith Nicholls, an Aggie, stated that he hoped to be an "educated farmer" some day. Because, he confessed, "I don't know knitting," we thought Farmer Nicholls was a good specimen for education.

Bill "Shakespeare" Carr, an Arts exhibit, took a look at Goethe in the Arts rotunda, and said, "My! The thermometer is just right for a dramatist." He hopes to get some good play material here.

Ambition to woo was seen in the flashing eyes of many a slicker Freshman. Don Lazerte, Engineering student of Edmonton, and a devil with women, is obviously a real card.

Jake Jamieson Now Overseas With Y.M.C.A. Organizing Sports Tournaments For Boys

Former Physical Director and Basketball Coach Would Appreciate Letters

RANK OF CAPTAIN

Word was received Monday by Stan Cameron that J. C. "Jake" Jamieson, formerly of the staff of the Department of Physical Education, is now on active service with the Canadian Second Division "somewhere in England."

To older students "Jake" was well known, and many a sophisticated Senior now busily engaged in making an impression on some gullible Freshman has sweated through an hour of his physical jerks. He also coached the Senior basketball team for several years as well as performing the thousand and one odd jobs that an athletic instructor is beset with.

Haddad Has Long Athletic Career

Varied Extra-Curricular Activities Lend Experience

MANAGER'S AWARD

Gentlemen, may we present William J. Haddad, your President of Athletics. Bill is about the closest thing we have to a deity around here, at least as far as men's sport goes, so we thought you might like to know a little about him.

Bill was born in Southern Saskatchewan, at the town of Meyronne. He received his primary and high school education there, and then moved to Edmonton, having resided in the city for the past four years. Obtaining his B.A. this spring, he graduates this year in law.

W.J.'s election to this exalted office came as a result of years of long and faithful work in athletic activity on the campus. He was with the senior hockey team for three years, the last two as manager. One year spent as an assistant sports editor on The Gateway didn't hurt either.

Incidentally, Bill is one of the very few Alberta men who have won the managers award. And if you don't know what that is, look it up in your Constitution.

In all his years of activity on the campus Bill has made himself a host of friends. He has won the respect and admiration of coaches, players and supporters alike, and this year promises to outshine his past achievements and make it a bang-up year even in the midst of the encroaching gloom.

In his letter Jake states that he has the rank of captain in the Auxiliary Services attached to the Second Division. He is with the Y.M.C.A. He says they "are kept on the go from morning to night organizing sports, conducting eucher and bridge tournaments, issuing cigarettes, and holding sing-songs."

When he received his appointment he had already had his application for the Air Force as a Flying Officer through, but he turned it down "for this chance to get over and do a real job."

Jake evidently enjoyed the trip across and had plenty of company from Alberta. With him were Jocko Thomas, Andy Lees, Doug Van Kleek, Reg Dowdell and Mary Logan, all of whom were once at the University of Alberta. There were also a number of boys from the city.

Further he states that he was sorry to hear that intercollegiate sport had folded up, for this year at least. Particularly as he feels this is Alberta's year in basketball. And he should know!

We are pleased to take this opportunity to say "hello" for Jake to his multitude of friends, and to give his post office address should you care to drop him a line to say "hello."

He himself says: "Say hello to all my friends for me, and tell them that I would be tickled pink to hear from them."

The address is:

Captain J. C. Jamieson,
Y.M.C.A. War Service,
Auxiliary Service,
2nd Division,
Base Post Office,
Canada.

How about it?

Heard, Read and Seen

By FRED KENDRICK

With a low bow, ladies and gentlemen, we present number one of what we hope will be a regular series of side-glances of sport happenings on the campus "Heard, Read and Seen."

The present incumbent has a big job following in the footsteps of an awful lot of very good men—so when you start petitioning the deities, remember us.

By the by, some of our old customers may be interested in knowing what a few of the past sports editors are currently doing. Hugh MacDonald is in the Air Force and is at present at the Observer's School overtown. Bill Ireland is working in Calgary, and Glen Fox is returning to Varsity to master in Geology this year, while Earl Moffatt is in Chemistry.

But now to business. Have you seen the rugby team at work yet? Railbirds who have been at work-outs are highly enthusiastic about the whole thing. Coach Fritz really has the boys knocking down, and all signs point to a real team to carry Green and Gold colors this fall.

Incidentally, Gordon Gelhaye, now of Calgary Bronks and formerly of Edmonton Eskimos of the Western Senior Conference, was an interested spectator at the rugby practice on Sunday morning. Boy, what Varsity couldn't do with a few "little" boys like him!

No sports write-up around this campus would be complete without the name of MacKay in it. Dave "Butch" MacKay was one of the finest athletes to show in this vicinity since the glaciers left, and this year marks the entrance of another MacKay into the fold. Bruce, who starred with E.A.C.'s junior club overtown, has registered in engineering. And we give odds that "Little Butch" will carry on the good work.

Not to rush the season too much, but it is hard for this observer to see just how Varsity can miss cleaning up in basketball this winter. Only one man was lost through graduation, Tom Pain, and to take his place the team will be bolstered by the return of Sammy Moscovitch. Sam really exhibits class on the floor, and has an awful lot of Varsity experience. Seems rather like a coach's dream—in technicolour too.

Hockey hopefuls shouldn't be too blue about the temporary passing of the covered rink. Plans are on foot to flood an outdoor rink, but have not matured enough to announce anything definite, excepting that there will be one. So don't try selling the blades for scrap.

We hear the new strip-room is quite some place. Our undercover men report that it is definitely not finished in robins' egg blue. After all, we are pretty near the north where men are supposed to be something or other.

It has been a pleasure to see the enthusiasm which has been displayed by this year's Frosh Class. That is, so far. Remember, it isn't only studying that takes enthusiasm; if you don't participate actively, get out and boost for those who do. You would be surprised if you knew what a difference it makes to the huskies slogging away on the field.

Well, let's turn off the old fountain for today. Bye now.

Varsity May Bowl Overtown This Fall; Low Rate

Twenty-four Alleys Needed to Accommodate Students

FOLLOW SASKATCHEWAN LEAD

Tentative plans have been drawn up for the operation of a bowling league to help plug the hole in the sports gap for this coming winter.

As yet, no formal meeting has been called, and hence no officers have been elected. However, those temporarily in charge feel they have things well under control. It is hoped that the league will be in operation by November 1.

It is tentatively planned to finance part of the operating cost from the money that normally goes for the Campus "A" Card. A special rate of three games for twenty-five cents is being given to league members.

No less than twenty-four alleys of a local bowling establishment are estimated to be required by the students. Figuring five members to each team, it will be possible for one hundred and twenty students to bowl each night. Supposing further that the circuit will bowl five nights each week, some six hundred players will be able to participate.

A very successful bowling league has been a feature of the athletic program at the University of Saskatchewan for several years now.

BOXING

The Boxing Club has not yet started meeting, but they have two officers who are working to get things under way. Jim Flynn is president and Johnny Dixon is secretary-treasurer. The boys are having a little difficulty in finding a coach. However, there will be an inter-faculty tournament this year. Watch your Gateway for an announcement of organization and time of workouts.

Jim Panton New P.T. Director; Expert Track Runner, Plans To Introduce New Form Training

Golf, Tennis, Basketball Fundamentals to be Taught

SASKATCHEWAN GRADUATE

In the prevailing gloom of the general sports picture on the campus this fall, one definite ray of light is to be found in the personnel of the Department of Physical Education. We refer, of course, to our new Acting Director, Mr. Jim Panton, and his assistant, Mr. Bob Fritz.

Mr. Panton is a Westerner by birth. He was born and reared for several years in the city of North Battleford, Saskatchewan. Receiving most of his elementary and high school training in that city, he finished up at Moose Jaw College.

His secondary education was obtained at the University of Saskatchewan and the University of Washington. He holds the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Washington, with a major in physical education, and is currently working on his Master's degree.

Although Mr. Panton is interested in all fields of sport, his particular forte in track, and he is considered as one of the foremost experts in this field in the Dominion.

Recent trends in physical education, Mr. Panton stated, "are to give them something they can use out in life," so accordingly the girls of this year's freshette class will be the first to benefit from new directorate.

It is intended to instruct class members in the fundamentals of golf, tennis, basketball and other games that will be of some use in later years. A driving net for golf is planned, but it must wait for the present.

Mr. Panton was sorry that it would be impossible for any men to take physical education this year, but is considering the possibility of creating a "recreational hour" in Athabasca gymnasium. The purpose of this would be to allow those men who have no opportunity for working out to drop into the gym for an hour and work out some of the accumulated kinks. This too, however, is only tentative at present.

It was also stated that, if desired, some kind of inter-company sport might be introduced for the benefit of boys in military training who wish to participate in some team game. The department stands ready to organize any such league.

Mr. Panton emphasized that with an entirely new staff things would necessarily have to move slowly for the first few weeks. Adjustments have had to be made, and will have to be made in the future probably, but he hoped that in spite of difficulties athletic activities could come back into their own on the campus.

Plan Round Robin Tennis Tourney; Starts October 6

Girls Unable to Take Trip This Year

NORA McLEOD PRESIDENT

Women's tennis swings into formal action for the 1941 season Sunday, October 6, on the University courts.

The tournament will take the form of a round robin, and President Nora McLeod is desirous of getting out as many girls as possible. Lists have been posted, and all interested are urged to enter.

Weather permitting, Miss McLeod stated that the tournament would start at 10 o'clock. Contestants are urged to be on time.

The president, along with Mary Willox, formed the ladies' section of the team that travelled to Saskatchewan last autumn. While there is no possibility of a trip this fall, it is an opportunity for any girl to enjoy a day of match play.

NOTICE

All campus clubs and organizations under the Students' Union are advised to notify the Schedule Man of dates of meetings and regular functions.

Failure to comply with this regulation will subject offenders to action by the Students' Enforcement Committee.

FRED KENDRICK,
Phone 31572. Schedule Man.

FRESHIES!

If you'll notice the one thing successful
Men on the Campus seem to have in common

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wearing that freshy cap
you can regain a lot of dignity
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